THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TILL THE TIDE COME IN.

My bark is on the beach, and the breeze blows fair;
The tide is rising fast, and I've little time to spare;
But, before the latest moment, to part would be a sin,
So we'll linger, bonny Mary, till the tide come in.

But why that filling eye, and that pale, drooping brow?
I cannot bear those signs, love; I would not see them now!
Let all without seem pleasure, though all be sad within,
And we'll linger, bonny Mary, till the tide come in.

I thank thee for that smile; it is sunshine unto me,
And I'll keep it in my heart when I'm far away at sea;
It will lighten up my watch when the stormy hours begin;
So we'll linger, bonny Mary, till the tide come in.

It will lighten up my watch like a moonbeam on the deck;
It will shine if there be battle; it will gleam if there be wreck;
It will nerve my soul in danger, an honored name to win;
So we'll linger, bonny Mary, till the tide come in.

Again that eye is filled! Well, unblamed it now must be;
But weep not long, *my dearest, and breathe* a prayer for me.
That prayer shall bring me back from the storm or battle's din,
To woo my bonny Mary till the tide come in.

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

A FADED BEAUTY.

Miss Anne Bessard was sole mistress and proprietor of a grand old country place within easy riding distance of an eastern city. She was an elderly woman, very rich, very eccentric, and she had been very handsome. She was born to wealth and beauty, but had become peculiar from some curious changes in her early life, that were known to or remembered by but few of those who were familiar with her in her age; and almost every one regarded her as odd and strange to the verge of insanity. The Poplars, as her mansion was named from the long avenue bordered with those trees that led to its entrance, was a great irregular building, half castle and half manor-house—with wide spread wings, each rounding in a turret, and an arched doorway carved with figures in dark stone above it. But here the feudal aspect of the place vanished; the hall was wide and richly carpeted, opening on either hand into handsome, well-furnished apartments, adorned with modern luxury and taste. The Poplars stood on an elevation that sloped downward in the rear into a rich woodland, and the lawn around it was shaded by a few old forest trees that gave protection and picturesque beauty to the flower-garden below the terrace. Everything was in admirable order and excellent keeping, for Miss Bessard did not allow her eccentricity to interfere with her interests, but administered the government of her household with a firm hand and vigilant eye. She was a very old woman in years, something over seventy, but her health and mental powers were of the best and keenest, and she confessed no signs of the weakness of age. She had a favorite woman-servant called Barbara, who seemed her only living friend or intimate, but she received company at all times with ceremonious hospitality, and gave a painfully servile devotion to her dress and adornment that appeared ill suited to her years or dignity. Her hair was snowy white, and seemed to demand a simple cap border to surround its aged purity, but Miss Bessard wore it puffed and wreathed with brilliant ornaments, as if it had still been the sunny auburn that her portrait in the great drawing-room represented it. Her complexion was ghastly, from the use of artificial defacers of time-marks, and ruddy with an unnatural bloom that overdid the blush of youth in its depth of color. She wore stays and paddings and sweeping drapery and delicate laces, and gave her mind to a strong conflict with time, inveighing against his every encroachment and building up a pitiable imitation of the freshness he had overthrown. Her aid and comfort in this hopeless task was Barbara, herself a middle-aged woman of much beauty, though faded and dulled from the absence of expression, all except the smooth softness of her complexion, that was fair and beautiful as marble despite her forty years. This advantage her mistress seemed to envy her, and with eyes of inexpressible longing would watch the clear white brow of the busy tire woman as she bent over her in the mysteries of her own elaborate toilette. It was but an unsatisfactory imitation at best that could be produced by liquids or powders, but Miss Bessard would turn her head this way and that way before her mirror, with a glass at her still bright eyes, and after a critical examination would sigh complacently, and lay back in her easy chair, tapping the carpet with her pretty feet, and thinking coquettishly, if one might judge from her expression, over her coming conquests. And silly as it was, Miss Bessard did keep up a sort of court at the Poplars, at which young gentlemen were graciously received and entertained, and compliments and pretty speeches taken in fed with relish and delight by the withered belle, its hostess.

Personal vanity and thirst for admiration were Miss Bessard's weakness, yet she had in other respects a strong and determined character, and was a woman of powerful will and deep rooted resolution. She had few if any relations. Barbara remembered when her last sister died ten years before, and she knew too that her mistress had been at enmity with her while living, and flatly refused to make herself look dreadfully in black attire for her sake. But Barbara did not know until late one November afternoon, that this same sister left three children, *daughters, utterly dependent* on their aunt's bounty, and that her mistress had caused them to be educated and cared for at an establishment for young ladies near the place where their mother died.

The only reason Barbara did not know this was that Miss Bessard did not mean that she should, and so kept the knowledge out of her reach. She was not a reticent woman habitually, but on the contrary became quite voluble at times on certain subjects to her maid—but it was at such times and on such subjects as suited her own whims and fancies, and when she chose to be silent she became impenetrable. This was proven on that cold November afternoon when she sat in her own grand chamber, at the bright fire on the glowing hearth, with her slippered feet on the fender. She had been behaving oddly even for her, during the last fortnight, and Barbara, whose quiet face was never ruffled by the expression of an anxious feeling, had in her own secret soul many speculations and misgivings concerning the cause. Her mistress had kept her room and denied herself to all visitors for two or three days at a time, then she had ridden to the city and been gone from morning till night, where, Barbara could not guess, for when she adroitly cross-examined the coachman on the subject, it transpired that Miss Bessard had left him at a hotel and taken a hackman, who understood the different points of the city more thoroughly, as she had a good deal of buying to do, she said. Here again Barbara was provoked and baffled, for no parcel too large to be carried in her mistress's pocket came back with her that day, nor were any sent from the city afterwards, though she was at special pains to watch. Then the seclusion of Miss Bessard from all society recommenced. She was no longer visible even to her maid, and passed a secluded existence for days at a time closed up in her chamber and the little dressing-room adjoining. When she came out once more, fully and freely, and took up her interrupted course of life again, she looked changed and worn and really old. Barbara saw this, at one quick glance, as she responded to the bell that summoned her, and heard that a cheerful fire was to be built on the broad hearth-stone, and that her mistress would be dressed, and drink tea in her own apartment. Barbara was a quick, noiseless worker, and she went about carrying out the directions she had received at once, but at the same time she took a silent inventory of the room and its surroundings, with a view to discover if possible what had employed its occupant strangely to the exclusion of everything else for so long. Nothing was out of place or in anywise changed in its usual scrupulous order. Her sharp eyes missed nothing, and could discover nothing; to be sure a sweet faint perfume seemed to mingle with the air, but it was so indefinably blended in its nature, that she could not trace the original scent, and that was all. Everything in both apartments was open to her eye, except a tall ebony cabinet that she had never seen unclosed by any chance in all the years of her life at The Poplars. It was as it always was—shining, black and inscrutable, without a key mark as a guide in its polished surface. So Barbara having found nothing upon which to establish even a speculation, was forced to rest dissatisfied, though neither the mistress that watched, nor the maid that searched, betrayed to each other the task they pursued secretly. Miss Bessard sat smilingly tapping the fender with her slippers, and Barbara moved swiftly about preparing the different articles used in dressing her mistress's hair.

"She looks haggard and very pale," thought Barbara. "She has been working, but whether with her head or hands I cannot tell."

"Barbara," said the object of her curiosity, aloud, "I think the days grow shorter and colder every November. This is a very short day; look out at the poplars and mark their long shadows, while it is yet scarcely afternoon."

Barbara looked, and assented. She always did so, never asserting herself openly in any way. Her mistress went on, with her eyes fixed on the fire and her hands folded loosely in her lap.

"Barbara, I think the house grows lonelier, and that I shall bring my sister's girls home and see what effect their voices will have on the echoes of these great halls. They're too empty now."

"Yes, ma'am," said Barbara, simply, but her mind became a whirlpool of astonishment and curiosity—in which every quiet idea was engulphed. "Her sister's daughters—mentioned for the first time after ten years."

Miss Bessard changed her position slightly and sighed deeply.

"There is an other girl—an orphan—not a relative, but a ward; she must come too. It will seem strange, will it not, Barbara?"

Barbara again assented in all simplicity, but mentally plunged deeper in the vortex of amazement.

"Another girl! and not a scrap of writing, not a word dropped carelessly in all these years. I cannot fathom it." She thought this in her own mind, but she only asked her mistress to turn her head a little aside, so that she might gather her hair into a band more easily. This movement brought Miss Bessard's face directly before the mirror, and her observant maid took close note of its brooding features. They were sad and pale as if from pain, and her complexion being almost bare of artificial aid, showed the deep marks of that pitiless plague, small pox. Barbara knew she was secure in watching her reflection in the tall glass before her, for when these marks were plainly to be seen Miss Bessard avoided looking at herself as scrupulously as if the sight would blast her. So she patiently gathered the long, white hair into bands and dressed it with all its ornaments in the high fashion of the times, while the white face mused over the fire, and her own busy, curious eyes watched its every curve and movement by aid of the mantle-mirror. So they continued silent until Miss Bessard got up, and judging of the manner in which her head was arranged, by feeling with each hand very lightly over its bands and braids, she dismissed her attendant, saying, that she should use no face-wash but rose-water that night, as her complexion was chapped and roughened by the riding she had been doing in the autumn winds. Now it was nearly a fortnight since Miss Bessard had gone to the city in the close carriage, but Barbara did not remind her of the impossibility of her statement being correct. She quietly begged to know when her tea might be served, and learning the exact hour she desired it, left her to the great crackling fire and her own busy thoughts.

It was at eight o'clock, Barbara returned to the minute, and found her mistress still in the same place, and still smiling sadly at the embers which had blazed themselves down to a warm, dull glow upon the bronze-mounted hearth. But Miss Bessard had not sat in that way all the time, as three letters already sealed and directed upon the chimney piece attested. She turned around readily when she heard the tea board, and seeing Barbara directing the servant where to place it, moved again towards the fire till he should be gone' as it was never her custom to be viewed by any but Barbara without all the appliances of art upon her.

"Sit down, Barbara," she said, when they were alone together. "Sit down, my good Barbara, and drink a cup of tea with me. I have been a sort of queen in my own small kingdom you know, and I would have you obey me now without question."

Barbara took her place silently, and received the proffered cup with a respectful air of obedience. Her mistress seemed a trifle nervous, and shook and trembled as she served her, so that the tea was spilt, but Barbara was outwardly unconcious of everything except her duty, and ate and sipped discreetly.

"Do you know, Barbara, that I was once famously beautiful?" asked her mistress, suddenly plunging into confidence.

"Oh yes, ma'am," said Barbara, as if she had never heard anything else in all her life.

"Well, but you cannot imagine how I looked in those days, Barbara; no one could, who had never seen me."

"You are very like your portrait, ma'am," remarked the wily Barbara, alluding to the full length in the great drawing-room.

"I don't know," said Miss Bessard slowly, "that does not remind me of myself as I looked then. I'll never forget my own face as I saw it without meaning to see it—because I never could see it so again."

Barbara's face expressed respectful attention as the sharp, black eyes rested on it, and the speaker went on—

"I was fully dressed for a great gala night we were to have—my father and I—that was fifty years ago, and I was mistress here, Olivia being a tiny child. We stood together, he and I, in the great drawing-room near that tall glass, that I never look into in these years. My father said that I was glorious—and I laughed, for they were accustomed to coin words in my praise. As I was laughing people came around me, and I began to talk and listen, looking unconsciously in the mirror the while. Oh, what a happy face, Barbara, what a splendid beaming beauty I saw there that night; it was all I could ask of Heaven; I, who thirsted for happiness and power—I felt I could subdue any one I looked upon, and I was fully content with my conquests. I never looked thus again. I was ill the next day, and then my real beauty passed away like a dream."

Barbara said nothing. She would not have been heard had she spoken—for her mistress was looking away into the past, without thought or care for the present.

"My father was ill too. He died. So that I never heard him say I was no longer glorious; but I had to feel that my power was gone, and that I could not hold absolute away any longer. It was the bitterest, saddest lesson in the world to learn, and I should have gladly thrown it away, and lay down and died, if I had dared. One thing makes me wretched now, I feel that I might have spared myself, had I been wise. It is almost too late to begin again; but still it will be a triumph, though there are so few left to feel it."

She seemed to wander in her words, and becoming too obscure for her listener to follow, ceased to speak by-and-by, and fell to pondering earnestly over something that perplexed her, to judge by her gathered brows.

Barbara rose and stood waiting at her side. The motion recalled her to herself.

"I do not know how to arrange it else," she said. "They are strangers, and have never met—the girls I spoke of, you know—but they must do as I have done; let fate decide it all."

So saying, she sighed again, and then bade Barbara "Good-night."

So Barbara went away, feeling very sure that the odd fancies of her mistress had culminated into settled derangement, and that the glimpse of a story she had told her about the splendor of the great ball before she took the small-pox and became marred for life, discovered plainly how her mind was affected.

Barbara had heard years before she went to live as servant in Miss Bessard's house, that the blow that deprived her of her wonderful beauty had lost her lover, too, whose devotion was not proof against her altered face. Every body said it had preyed on the lady's mind till she was a "little bit strange," and considered her passion for dress and adornment as springing from the malady; but beyond its unsuitability to her age and appearance, it in no wise interfered with her dignity or bearing, and Barbara discovered in her wandering manner on this November night traces of weakness so entirely new that she felt a change of a startling kind must have taken place in her mistress.

It was late next morning, and her bell not having sounded, Barbara went to Miss Bessard's room to find her door unlocked and slightly ajar. Knocking once or twice without response, she opened it, and going in, saw the lady stretched on the bed quite cold and dead. She was frightened, but not too much so to take a view of all around her before summoning the household. Every thing was in place, and the body on the bed was fully and carefully dressed. The same peculiar perfume that she had discovered the day before seemed to float around her and grow more palpable as she approached the bed. There lay the only strange and unaccountable thing in the whole matter; it was the face of the dead lady, smooth, white and beautiful as if cut in marble, the fine features set in perfect repose, the mouth fallen quietly into place, and the eyelids resting above the eyes as serenely as if a pleasant slumber sealed them.

A moment or two Barbara stood lost in amazement, and then ringing the bell long and loudly, brought the household together around the death couch of their former mistress.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEIRESSES OF THE POPLARS.

Whatever had been the cause of Miss Bessard's death, one thing was evident, she had prepared for it, for the three letters she had written the day before related solely to the disposition of her affairs and the future management of her household. The first was addressed to a Mr. Bond, who proved to be in possession of her will, executed by her in his office some fortnight before that date; and the other two bore the names of her nieces, the Misses Copeland, and of Miss Leonore Raye, a young lady entirely unknown, even by name, to any of the inhabitants of the Poplars or the village round about. She and the Misses Copeland were all living at boarding schools for young ladies, but the establishments were separate, and in different parts of the state.

"Leonore Raye," Barbara repeated the words to herself again and again, and at length a faint gleam of light fell on them. Raye was the name of Miss Bessard's recreant lover; she had gathered so much from questioning and observation, for there were people about the Poplars whose parents remembered the young Colonel, as they called him, and who recalled having seen him ride out with his bride elect and her handsome father before the scourge that had left her an orphan and no longer beautiful had fallen upon her. This young lady might be his daughter, Barbara reasoned, or rather his grand-daughter, if she were at all young, for fifty years had come and gone since he had deserted his faded love. But think as she might, Barbara said nothing, even when under examination by the coroner, whose duty it was to explain as he could the mysterious manner in which Miss Bessard had died. She acknowledged that her mistress had kept her room closely for some time past, but made no reference to the strangeness of her conduct the last night of her life, nor to her own curiosity on the subject of her seclusion. She stood by whilst the room was searched for some evidence of her mistress's employment during her retirement, and finding the ebony cabinet, drew very near to it, hoping to see it unclosed for the first time; but Mr. Bond, the lawyer, said:

"This desk contains only certain deeds and papers relative to the property bequeathed to the young ladies, my wards, and the key is in my possession."

Yielding to the expressed wish of the gentlemen assembled, Mr. Bond produced the key and opened the cabinet. It proved to be as he said, merely the receptacle of business documents, and was arranged with perfect order and neatness, with nothing to gratify the intense gaze of Barbara's keen eyes but symmetrical rows of deeds and bonds, properly labelled and placed in the separate pigeon holes. She drew yet closer, however, impelled by the still more perceptible presence of the indescribable perfume she had noticed before, and which she seemed to trace more clearly than ever as the falling panel disclosed the satin wood compartments of the cabinet. The investigation discovered absolutely nothing. Miss Anne Bessard, a very wealthy lady, living almost alone, had died suddenly, without any perceptible sign of disease, and her face after death had assumed a beautiful and singular appearance, being smooth and full and perfectly natural in color, a phenomenon none present could account for, though many learned theories were broached in explanation. There were not the faintest traces of poison, and the only safe surmise in the case was to conjure up an affection of the heart, which, once started, was found to be well supported by many collateral circumstances. Therefore it was decided that through such a visitation Miss Anne Bessard had been summoned to eternity that dull November night, somewhere between the hours of twelve, and six in the morning.

A grand funeral, for which she had in her instructions to her legal friend made elaborate arrangements, began to be in progress, and by-and-by the old house, so long reigned over by one supreme and absolute mistress, received the unwonted addition of four young successors, who came from opposite directions, at nearly the same time.

The first carriage set down Miss Bessard's nieces, Olivia, Adah and Bertha Copeland, and the one that succeeded it closely, brought the young stranger, Leonore Raye. Barbara, on whom Mr. Bond devolved the care and duty of receiving these young persons, met them with respectful and decorous attention, and not appearing to raise her quiet eyes, took note of each and every one as she preceded them to the chambers prepared for their reception. She found her mistress's eldest niece a showy girl, with a fine figure and stylish manner, not really beautiful, but with a certain effectiveness of appearance that conveyed the idea. The two younger, Bertha and Adah, were twins, and, unlike their brunette sister, exceedingly fair and delicate in face and form. They resembled each other closely, and were sweet looking girls, without much expression or character beyond amiability and timid gentleness. All three were rather tall in stature; but the fourth lady was small and childlike, looking much younger than she really was. Barbara seemed satisfied with a glance or two at her companions; but on this young lady she bestowed many covert looks, returning again and again to arrange her apartment and give her such information regarding the rules of the household and the dinner hour as suggested themselves to her mind, for excuses to prolong her clandestine observations of

the new comer's appearance. Miss Raye was really over twenty, yet she seemed but just entering her teens. She was little in every way, being short and delicately formed, with small, fine features and a dazzlingly pure complexion, rendered none the less fair by the quantity of rich chestnut brown hair that adorned her exquisitely graceful head. Her eyes were gray, but full of expression, and capable of darkening as she spoke, to an almost inky shade. She wore mourning, which made her appear still more tiny, and had a noiselessly swift way of moving about, that seemed to accord well with her fairy-like proportions.

She was a silent little creature, too, it would seem, for although she availed herself readily of Barbara's aid in a quiet, grateful way, she did not speak at all, until the little trunk she had brought with her was entirely emptied into the various drawers and the splendidly carved wardrobe, whose pegs she was not high enough to reach. Then she said suddenly, and without any preparation for the announcement,

"I want to see Miss Bessard. Can I?"

Even Barbara started a little at the strange manner in which she expressed the wish, but instantly regaining her natural composure, said—

"I will tell Mr. Bond that you desire it. He is presiding here, as one may say, till the funeral is over."

"No, no," said the little person, with sudden wilfulness—"pray don't do anything of the sort. I will either see her without any ridiculous ceremony of permission being granted, or I will not see her at all."

"Will you come with me now?" asked Barbara instantly, apparently quite brought into subjection by the peculiar manner of the young lady.

Miss Raye looked at herself in the glass for a moment, and brushed back the heavy brown curls that were falling loosely over her white forehead. Then she turned, and by a gesture announced herself ready to accompany Barbara, after whom she went out, and followed through the great upper hall to Miss Bessard's grand state chamber, where she lay in her last earthly splendor, dressed for the tomb as if for a brilliant pageant, in robes as rich and costly as might be devised.

At the threshold of the door they stood in view of the bed on which the body lay. Miss Raye paused, and turning to Barbara, asked in an awe-struck whisper—

"Was she handsome?"

"She is very beautiful," answered Barbara.

"Because," answered the little creature, shrinking back in fear, "I never saw any one dead before, and it may be horrible."

Barbara led the way to the couch and drew back the heavy curtain. A second passed, and then her companion stood beside her. There was not much light, for the windows were hung with ample drapery, and it was growing late in the afternoon. So they stood together a little while before the face revealed itself beyond a dim outline, surrounded with glitter and the glow of rich color. Then it slowly and distinctly grew out of the faint gloom into a well-defined countenance, with the seal of death stamped upon it, and the creeping stain of corruption slowly gliding over its polished surface, like the trail of an invisible serpent.

Barbara bent closer to see that the faint greenish shade spreading on the smooth forehead was not the reflection of some color from above, and being convinced that a terrible enemy was conquering her mistress's last assertion of beauty, she drew back the young girl hastily and closed the curtains over the vanquished figure, never more to be looked upon by admiring eyes.

"She was a fearfully grand woman, was she not?" Miss Raye asked this in an awe-struck whisper as she gained her own chamber door and paused, looking up into her companion's face.

"She was a very beautiful woman once," said Barbara, quietly. "Death is so grand and solemn that it made her look still more so yesterday. She is changing now, and no one can see her any more."

Nor did they. Except those business-like glances that men give the objects of their trade, no other look ever rested on that altered face, and she was buried out of the sight of all with great pomp and splendor on the fifth day after her singular death.

Then, in the presence of a few neighboring families with whom Miss Bessard had maintained ceremonious hospitalities, her last will was read by Mr. Bond, who had remained in the house ever since he had been summoned thither by the news of her death. All the property, real or personal, of which she died possessed, with the exception of a few bequests to the servants, a remembrance to Mr. Bond himself, and a keepsake for the faithful Barbara, as she termed her, Miss Bessard willed and bequeathed to be divided equally among her four heiresses. The elder to have the charge and complete control of The Poplars, in right of her age and position, with the power to retain it as a family mansion in case of her marriage, though to be held in her own name and unalienable title. She must entertain and accommodate the remaining three therein as long as it was their will and pleasure to remain, and in case of her death the next in age should fall heir to the place and position, &c. Miss Bessard laid it as a charge and injunction on those who should succeed her, to preserve the old manner of life she had adopted in all things, and furthermore desired to be delivered to her niece, Miss Olivia Copeland, a sealed letter, to be read by her alone, and in case of death, transmitted to her next in succession. The three young ladies who listened to the reading of the last testament of the aunt they had never seen, and the little stranger who sat trying to connect the solemn charges with the strangely solemn face she had only looked upon in death, differed so much in every way, that even the strangers present fell to speculating about the odd connection that had brought them together. Miss Olivia Copeland being, like her sisters, fully robed in black, looked very dignified and queen-like in stature and bearing as she rose to receive the last gift of her dead relation, the sealed package, with her name upon the back. She was quite conscious of her place as mistress of the mansion, and already turned with gracious dignity to the guests that surrounded her, and gravely, though politely, received the half-condoling, half-congratulatory speeches of her neighbors.

"Ah, dear me!" murmured Mrs. Grover, of Brookside, "you are very young for so much care; but then you seem so admirably calculated for the position, and it is fortunate that you are. Your lonely but delicate sisters, and that sweet little creature, Miss Raye, are happy in being able to claim your patronage and protection."

"So few could succeed Miss Bessard," added Mrs. Frotherington, of Maple Hill; and Mrs. Darwood, of the Glen, said it seemed perfectly natural to expect dignity and grace in so near a relative.

The gentlemen were not behindhand in their pretty speeches, and Olivia replied gracefully, entirely overlooking the implied compliments, and expressing herself anxious to carry out her dear aunt's wishes in all respects. "So were her sisters—and Miss Raye," she added.

Mrs. Wallace of Riverbend and her son Louis, had been the most intimate frequenters of The Poplars during its late mistress's life time. The lady was a plain woman, without a particle of personal grace, but a great admirer of beauty, and her attentions had been like incense on the shrine of Miss Bessard's vanity.

Her son was born to a small fortune independent of his mother's possessions, and being a busy sort of idler, had passed much of his country time at The Poplars, studying its sphynx-like mistress. He now approached her successor, and first deciding in his own mind that she was very handsome, and next that he should begin to admire her, made her a well turned speech about nothing in particular, and watched her face as she answered it. "She is not in love with any one," he argued from his observations, "and she will not be averse to me."

Having made these two discoveries to his own satisfaction, he talked a little further, and then retired with his mother, to whom he made known the result of his cogitations for the first mile of their homeward ride, by breaking silence as they came in view of Riverbend. "She is a stylish girl, not strictly handsome, but very graceful and easy in her manner, and her sisters are very well in their way too. But what sort of being is that little one. She is pretty, and yet she don't satisfy one in looking at her. I can't make her out—she's either very deep, or there's nothing at all to her beyond her diminutive prettiness, I can't tell which." But one thing was plain to his mother, and that was her son was inclined to fall in love, a consummation she had much desired, and now hailed with the greater pleasure, inasmuch as the object so entirely suited her own mind. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

German Peculiarities.

The Germans have a queer way of doing things. Here is one: "A poor citizen in Berlin was recently left some £5,000. Being very old and feeble, he was puzzled as to whom he should leave his money. Thinking none of his friends worthy of it, he at last determined to leave it to a bitter enemy, who had a large family and no money except his daily earnings. He made his will to that effect; he made it a condition, however, that the heir should always wear thin white linen clothes, and no extra under-clothing. Should that condition be violated, even once, the money goes to the executors.

Here is another, from a German paper: "My husband is no more. He did not wish to live longer, and if he had it would have made no difference, for gout entered his stomach, and was soon followed by death. I shall marry the doctor who so kindly attended my late husband; I learned then to trust him. Soft rest the ashes of the departed one, whose wholesale liquor business I shall continue at the old stand.

"MARIA W. SCHLEMM."

And still another: "My noble husband, Professor Seil, is dead; the most powerful medicines would not keep him with me. Two sorrowing children would weep over his grave, but, alas! our wedding was not thus blessed. As he is dead, and it cannot be helped now, I do not wish to think of it, and do not wish to be reminded of my loss by having people condole with me. His death has placed me in the mournful state of widowhood, and I see no way to get out of it."

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

There are sorrowful eyes that seldom weep;
Hearts that in speechless patience keep
Vigils of anguish while seeming to sleep.

There are yearning eyes that a thought may fill;
Hearts that cry out against their will,
And only in breaking learn to be still.

☞ The latest Paris ballet is "Adam and Eve in Eden." It is before the fall, and they of course have their summer clothes on.

☞ Over three hundred millions lucifer matches are manufactured and used daily in the United States, or about nine to every person.

☞ An ancient rhyme divides female beauty into four orders, as follows:—

Long and lazy,
Little and loud,
Fair and foolish,
Dark and proud.

☞ A curiosity dealer in Brussels advertises for sale, two teeth of Napoleon III.

☞ There is a woman in Minnesota, 103 years old, and who does the housework for a large family.

☞ The managing editor of the London Times is paid the same salary as the President of the United States.

☞ There are now thirty theatres in and around London.

☞ Simpkins was asked the other day, if he would not attend the Fenian burying. "How many are to be buried?" said he. "Oh, it is those two in England," was the reply. "Of course I will," said Simpkins. "Nothing would give me so much pleasure. I'd help to bury them if there were two hundred instead of only two." Simpkins is an obliging fellow, and on hand for almost anything.

☞ A gentleman of New York has invented a method of mutilating postage stamps which he thinks will be effectual. Only gum half the stamp, he says, and let the clerks in the post-office tear off the other half.

☞ The wife of a rich merchant in Frankfort eloped with her lover to the United States, a few months since, where he finally deserted her. Overcome with shame and remorse, she wrote the most heart-rending letters to her husband, imploring him to forgive and take her back. He paid no attention to her request; so, selling her jewelry, she took passage to Europe, and arrived in Frankfort just in time to learn that her husband had procured a divorce and married again. But he gave her an asylum in his house, at the request of his second bride.

☞ The stupid conduct of the young King of Bavaria is said to be due in great part to the stupidity of his father, who educated him like a martinet. He allowed him only one mutton chop for breakfast. The first order the young king gave after his father's death, was "Two chops for breakfast. I am master here now." He had never been to the theatre. The first night he visited an opera house, Wagner's "Tannhauser" was played. He was delighted, and thought Wagner a demigod. This is the origin of his passion for Wagner.

☞ A crusty old bachelor, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of appropriating his hair oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball to which the girl was invited. She stayed at home in consequence.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANR'Y 4, 1868.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

The legislature of Pennsylvania is nothing to boast of in the way of honesty, and that of New York is no better, to judge from a recent report made to the Constitutional Convention of that state by the Committee on Legislative Corruption. The Committee report, among others, the following significant facts:—

"Edward R. Phelps swears that $200,000 worth of stock of the Central Park Railway Company was distributed among members of the legislature to secure their votes and influence. William Richardson, president of the New York Dry Dock Company, testified that his company expended $20,000 in 1858 in securing the votes of members, and when asked whether he himself paid any portion of the amount declined to answer, on the ground that he might criminate himself. Mr. Edward C. Worcester, Treasurer of the New York Central Railroad Company, testified that he paid $30,000 during the last session of the legislature, and he supposed it was to influence votes. It had not been charged to any specific account, but was paid over to the president, and the payment had been sanctioned by the board of directors. He also testified that $60,000 were expended during the session of 1865 and 1866. Among other parties subpœned was Thurlow Weed, but he failed to appear."

Rather large amounts those—$300,000 worth of stock, $205,000 in greenbacks and national bank notes—no wonder that men go to the legislature poor, and come home rich—and no wonder, either, that the railroads rule the legislatures, and find in the representatives of the people their ready instruments.

And the only remedy is to send men to the legislature who have established a character for honesty and integrity—and the only way to do this, is to refuse to vote for a different kind of men, and let the responsibility of the defeat of your party attach to those who make bad nominations. Tell the managing politicians flatly beforehand, that if good men are not nominated you will not vote for them—and then, if they do not nominate suitable men, be as good as your word. One defeat will do more to purify the nominations of a party, than all the expostulations which you could cram into a ten days' discussion. In fact, no party in this country can be kept pure enough to live many years, except by allowing it to be defeated occasionally—for constant success has a natural tendency to make parties corrupt.

THE INDIANS.

We see it stated that Gen. Augur estimates that the expense of breaking the power of the hostile Indians—overthrowing and annihilating them—would be ten millions of dollars a week for two years, or about one thousand millions of dollars!

We think, for our own part, that if the management of our Indian affairs was intrusted to honest and discreet men, with the power to make the vicious whites behave themselves, as well as the vicious Indians, there would be very little difficulty in getting along harmoniously with the great majority of these copper-colored gentlemen. And we think we owe it to our character as a Christian nation, to do all we can to civilize and christianize these heathen of our frontier.

But, if extermination were resolved upon, it would be very foolish, as it seems to us, to resort to the expenditure of a thousand millions of dollars. It would be a far more economical plan, to establish great depots of bad whiskey, at various prominent points through the Indian country, and let the red men come and drink to their hearts' content. If this would not exterminate the Indians in the quickest possible way, our ideas of the killing power of bad whiskey are very much exaggerated.

Of course we do not recommend this plan—except as being cheaper and better than attempting to exterminate the Indians with steel, lead, and fire. And we should think it would be pleasanter to the Indians to drink themselves to death than to be shot down or bayonetted, while it would be an equally Christian proceeding on our part.

What say our friends of the Whiskey Sellers' Convention, to this plan of settling the great and troublesome Indian Question.

☞ We see it stated that at a recent election in Minnesota, concerning the location of a county seat, "the 2,000 registered voters deposited 8,294 votes. They voted early and they voted often, and whilst one side cast on an average three votes apiece, the other cast thirteen votes apiece, and carried the day by a triumphant majority."

This is something like *universal* suffrage. The men voted, and the women probably voted, and the children, and the babies, and the dogs, and the cats—and then they threw in a lot of ballots, just to make up for those who were not there.

But what is the use, after all, of going to so much trouble—why not toss up a penny at once, and decide by lot, instead of lots?

PERIODICALS. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January is on our table—full, as usual, of excellent reading matter. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE is full of excellent selections from the English reviews and magazines. Published by Littell, Boston.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE is a first-class magazine for the young people. Oliver is a host in himself. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE is also a first-class one. Its engravings are excellent—and matter good. Published by Hurd & Houghton, Boston.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM has changed its form. It is edited by Grace Greenwood—and is both cheap and good. Published by L. K. Lippincott, Phila.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR—T. S. Arthur's monthly for quite little people is winning itself a golden reputation. Published by T. S. Arthur, Phila.

MERRY'S MUSEUM is a new candidate for public favor, published by H. B. Fuller, Boston. It looks well.

THE NURSERY is for the "youngest readers"—and would seem well adapted to them. Published by J. L. Shorey, Boston.

Forgiveness.

The mantle of charity ought to be thrown around the faults of our fellow-beings. "Thy sins be forgiven thee," should be the answer for us to give to those who have sinned against us and wish to be taken back to our bosoms and be as they once were, pure and sinless. Forgive and forget; memory will not let us forget, but it is in the power of exalted human benevolence. Saddening scenes will often press themselves upon our attention, even when we do the best to prevent them. So scenes of inharmony between ourselves and our human relations will arise in the soul, notwithstanding the presence and influence of that principle of Christian charity which should inspire every human soul with its divine effulgence. Yet memory, however faithful to her trust, will not prevent us from being lenient towards the faults and follies of others, and even to forgive their departure from a true life.

☞ A correspondent of the Anti-Slavery Standard says, relative to Mr. Train's travelling in company with Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, on their female suffrage tour:—"When the turn of the ladies came to speak, they boldly faced the music, and began by answering the question that everybody was internally asking, why the d—ickens they had such a strange associate in a work which to them was neither trivial nor jocose, but of intensest interest and importance; a work serious as death, precious as life. The reason seemed to be *that with Mr. Train they could get better audiences, and paying audiences*, and could thus push forward this momentous work of reform without being obliged to travel and labor altogether at their own charges." It would thus seem that these ladies take Mr. Train along with them, on the same principle that an organ-grinder takes a monkey.

☞ With ceremonious friends, a three days' visit is long enough: a rest day, a dressed day, and a pressed day.

☞ Walt Whitman says he never had more than fourteen dollars at any one time during his life. As it costs a good deal more than that to be buried nowadays, Walt probably will never be rich enough to die.

☞ A miss-spent life—squandering all your salary on a girl who does not care for you.

☞ In Belfast, Me., they have a dove of a blood-red color, which may be seen any day flying about the streets.

☞ A friend of ours, in looking over the list of deaths, recently, seeing the name of one of his cousins among them, consoled himself with the remark, "Well, if a fellow has cousins, he must expect them to die."

☞ In Farmington, Me., Sheriff Soule arrested a man for debt, who, not having the "ready," delivered himself up to be taken to jail. Soule was not well prepared for such a contingency, being provided only with a light trotting gig. He, however, proposed riding and practicing the Weston style of locomotion alternately with the debtor, and generously offered him the first ride. But no sooner had the ungrateful fellow got fairly seated and gathered up the ribbons than he put the horse to his top speed, and soon left the deputy far behind, feeling that he, and not the debtor, had been Souled that time.

☞ Gas-consumers should remember that when gas is poor and thin, the volume passing through the meter is increased, so that a larger sum is paid for an imperfect article than for that which is rich, or of standard quality.

☞ In Canada most of the pork is fattened on peas, six bushels of which are equal to ten bushels of corn, and more can be grown from an acre than of corn.

☞ A pair of sweet lips, a pressure of two delicate hands, and a pink waist-ribbon, will do as much to unhinge a man as three fevers, the measles, a large-sized whooping-cough, a pair of lockjaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill.

☞ By a statement in the Methodist, it appears that about seventy thousand persons in this country join the Methodist Church annually on probation, but go no farther—that is, they do not come into full communion.

☞ A Lowell (Mass.) widower, just married for the third time, has had thirty-one children previous to the new arrangement.

THE LAND OF BACKWARDS.

BY AN OLD-FASHIONED FELLOW.

As Prince Goet was riding one day up a mountain road, he came to the statue of a horse, so perfectly cut out of stone, that he was seized with a strong desire to mount it. He thought it a ridiculous desire; but seeing nobody to laugh at him, he tied his own horse by the bridle, and sprang on the stone horse's back. The instant that he touched the saddle, the stone horse rose in the air, and passing with the swiftness of lightning over mountains and valleys, and even the sea, finally came to an island, where he landed the Prince, half dead with terror.

The Prince looked all about him, but saw nobody; but as the sun beat down fiercely, he hurried towards a little grove that was just ahead of him, and sat down in the shade; but to his surprise, the sun beat down on him as before. He walked out from under the trees towards a bare spot to learn what was the meaning of this, and getting there, struck his head violently against what he felt was a great tree trunk, though the trees still seemed to stand where he saw them first.

"A very queer country," said Goet to himself.

Just then he spied a party of monstrous men coming towards him. They looked so horribly, that he ran away from them with all his might; but, instead of getting away from them he ran plump into them, and almost knocked his brains out on one of their clubs.

One of the men picked him up in his large fingers.

"Here is a new kind of monkey," said he; "I will take him home." And throwing him up in the air, Goet found himself in the large man's pocket.

He then observed that they went ahead by walking backwards, and understood he ran at instead of away from them.

On getting home, the big man poked Goet very far down in his pocket, and in this way took him out.

Goet was very thirsty, and seeing a cup of water, tried to drink it, but the more he brought it to his lips, the further he put it away from him. By-and-by he thought to put it away from him, and doing it quick, brought the cup up against his lips with such a smack that the water splashed all over him.

"What a curious monkey is this!" said the big men one to another. "He does everything backwards."

"I think *you* do everything backwards," thought Goet.

Then they got a pole, and called all the people together.

"We have found a wonderful monkey," said they. See him eat."

And they gave Goet some meat, which he found the same trouble with as with the water.

"See," said they, "when he tries to eat he puts foot towards him, instead of moving it away from him, so he cannot eat at all. Now see him walk! Come to this pole, monkey. Do you see—when he tries to come he walks towards the pole, instead of away from it, and yet he understands all we say, and can answer us."

Then all the other big men and women were greatly astonished, and they said to their children:

"See, now, you ought never to be discontented; you might be a wretched creature like this, and do everything backwards."

"It is you who do everything backwards?" screamed Goet, in a passion.

But they only laughed, and kept him walking about, and trying to eat and drink till he was tired out. Then they brought him a bed, but he could not get near it till he remembered to walk away from it; and, after he got up to it, the more he tried to lie down on it, the more he stood; till he thought to jump up in the air, when down he came flop on the bed.

Then he shut his eyes to go to sleep, but he was wider awake than ever, till he opened his eyes, when he fell asleep in a moment.

And now you see wondering how he ever got out. Well, this is the way: he opened his eyes, and found his horse standing near him on the mountain, and all his limbs aching from sleeping on the ground. The country of Backwards was only a dream.

An Idle Dream.

For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles and opposition, is to dream in the lap of folly's self. What should we amount to were we not compelled to feel our way, to fall down and get up again, and learn that our theories are never according to the laws of nature, but nothing more than the projection of our own limited perception upon the untried and unreal? We are, however, not to be discouraged on this account; we are rather to be the more satisfied of its being good and right for us. For in adversity and opposition we are tried; and trials are nothing more than tests of nature. Up from below do we go above. We are but the products of lower conditions. The material comes to its highest in this life, and is gradually refined and the dross got rid of after natural laws. Our experience is merely passing through these changes, which would be just no experience at all if we could manage to escape altogether. We ought not to make complaint when we see how all things work together for our good.

☞ Here is a classification of kisses in rhyme:—

"There is a formal kiss of fashion;
And a burning kiss of passion:
A father's kiss,
A mother's kiss,
And a sister's kiss to move.
There's a traitor's kiss for gold,
Like a serpent's clammy fold,
A first kiss,
A stolen kiss,
And the thrilling kiss of love.
A meeting kiss,
A maiden kiss,
A kiss which fond hearts sever;
But the saddest kiss
On earth is this—
A kiss to part forever!"

Our Boat-Race.

Every man has, I think, in his recollection one time at which, above all other times, he was perfectly happy—a period at which he realized in his own person the childish expression of "feeling good all over." In the experience of a man who is or has been "engaged," I understand that this period coincides with the moment at which, having proposed to the object of his affections, he hears softly murmured the delicious "Yes." I have never passed through the blissful agony of courtship; so I cannot comprehend the beatitude of being informed by a young woman that she will confer upon you the privilege of paying her bills for the rest of her life; but I distinctly and vividly remember the most blissful moment of *my* life. I have always been very fond of athletic sports; the mere sight of a large sheet of water has an exhilarating effect upon my spirits; and I am not ashamed to say that, looking back through the vista of years, the brightest moments I can remember were connected with a boat-race. It took place some six years ago, and I am by no means a novice now. If half-a-dozen races make a veteran, I am that veteran.

But in the early days of my first racing season, I was undoubtedly the most awkward man that ever entered a club-boat. We were all clumsy together, but my clumsiness surpassed all the other clumsiness, even as Saul towered a head and shoulders above the children of Israel. I positively think that, during the first two weeks of my boating, I was in the bottom of the boat one-half of the time. Our barge was a six-oared, lap-streak, forty-foot outrigger—what would, I think, be called in England a gig. When I saw her first by moonlight, she seemed to my inexperienced eyes at least a hundred feet long.

Presently, we embarked, and paddled out into the river. Then a steady "crab-catching" "by the whole strength of the company" began, and was capitally sustained. The moonlight flashed mellowly from upturned boot-soles, as one after another the oarsmen stood momently upon their heads, with their oars tangled in the water. But our greatest triumph was achieved while returning home. It was one which we challenge the world to excel. *With six oars we kept seven distinct times!* This can be substantiated by affidavit, if necessary.

The next morning, we received a challenge from a club which had owned a boat about three months. Our hearts sank within us when we thought of our performances of the night before. Keeping seven times with six oars was well enough in an esthetic point of view, but was not conducive to fast pulling.

We held a council of war; and would, I verily believe, have declined the challenge, out of sheer faint-heartedness, if our plucky little cockswain had not shamed us into belligerency. "Boys," said he, "if you don't accept this challenge, I'll never cockswain *another crew in the Banshee!*" So we took heart of grace, named a day six weeks off, and went to work.

Much discouraged, we met with no encouragement. We started once for a trip to a neighboring town seven miles away. Some enterprising person had feathered our sweeps and varnished the leathers; consequently, the friction was something awful. Squeak, squeak, squeak went the oars. Our progress must have sounded like the proceeding of a drove of pigs up the river. Between the current, the varnish, and the fourteen-mile pull, we were so completely "done," that a long-legged member of the crew, who had rolled up his pantaloons, could not bend himself sufficiently to roll them down, and I performed the operation—he first mounting a door-step, that I might keep *my* back as straight as possible. I spoke of this row the other day to another member of the crew, and he said: "I suppose we were the most dilapidated crew that ever got out of a row-boat. I know a galley-slave's feelings exactly, and have pitied him intensely ever since that night. Don't you remember, that when we got back, long John Mack lay down on the sand, and begged me, for Heaven's sake, to step on his back, or he would never be straight again? And when *I* got home, I had to wake up my brother, in order to get off my boots."

In our nightly practice, we were watched by unseen scoffers. Sometimes when an oarsman caught a crab, a diabolical voice would cry out, with a chuckle: "Oh, what a crew!" and sometimes, when we were putting on a spurt, and really thought we were doing pretty well, an invisible demon would remark, in facetious derision: "Yer think yer can row, don't yer? Them other fellows won't give yer *much* fits on the race, *I* know;" and then an unearthly mocking laugh would wake the slumbering river echoes, and take every particle of pluck out of our perspiring bodies. Then, too, when we pulled over the course on time, at every attempt we were longer than at the previous one; so we were utterly without hope; and whereas we had at first abjured tobacco, we became so demoralized that No. 8 actually came to the boat-house to dress with a cigar in his mouth. I have always regarded it as a sign of great moral courage in the crew, that a proposition to saw one of the oars nearly through with a watch-spring saw, so that it could be easily snapped, and the loss of the race be laid to the broken oar, was sternly negatived.

Well, the fatal day came. It was the first club-race that had ever taken place at our city. Thousands of spectators, many of them ladies, lined the wharfs, and clustered in the shipping. Our opponents had chartered a steamer, provided a band of music, ordered a bouquet "for the winning crew" (which we never got, by-the-by), and made arrangements for a supper down the river with some lady-friends. Our opponents rowed gayly among the tugs, and saluted their lady-friends. We got into a secluded spot, and waited mournfully but firmly for the judges' call. *It came.* We drew up in line; we heard the words: "Are you ready? Go!" and *they* went—we didn't. Perhaps we were inspired with a desire to show to the assembled multitude our great feat of "seven times with six oars," perhaps we were nervous. At anyrate every man pulled the first stroke with a beautiful disregard of the stroke-oar; and the black boat shot away from us, as if we were tied to a post, while the hand on the opposition tug played *See the Conquering Heroes come.*

Our president, who was looking on, retired from public view to the shelter of a building, where he remained in meditation till we returned. Meanwhile, on the second stroke, we settled down to our work. Ours was a long sweeping stroke—theirs, a quick one, not at all the thing for their heavy boat. The swell of a ferry-boat parted one of our tiller-lines; and our little cockswain scrambling to the stern, squatted there, steered by the yoke, and encouraged us with a perfect storm of endearing adjectives. On comparing notes afterwards, we found that each man had in his heart a simple grim determination to "pull till his teeth were loose," as No. 4 quaintly expressed—or, in other words, to make our certain defeat as small a one as possible. All at once, with a sudden change of countenance, the cockswain yelled:—"*Blessed* boys, *give way*, and you'll be at the half-way stake-boat first!"

Now, every man had kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the back of the man in front of him; and we had no idea that the *Banshee* could be anywhere within gunshot of the other boat. The announcement that we were close upon it, converted every man temporarily into a small steam-engine of two-man power. We raced past our astonished opponents, turned the stake-boat first; and as their fast stroke had pumped the crew, and our sudden exertion of strength had appalled them, we came home easy winners by a minute!

As we passed the opposition tug, I regret to say that the opposition band very unhandsomely struck up *The Rogue's March.*

At intensely exciting times, slight events photograph themselves upon the memory permanently. Six years have passed since my first boat-race, yet I remember vividly seeing one of our club members on the stake-boat holding a flag in one hand, and performing a sort of compound dance, resembling somewhat an Indian war-dance, and partaking also, in some degree, of the African Juba, and all expressive of his unbounded delight at our being ahead.

Also I remember that when we were carrying in the *Banshee*, after the race, one of the crew began to recite:

> Take her up tenderly;
> Lift her with care,
> Fashioned so slenderly,
> Young and so fair;

and continued his jubilant spouting until he fell over a stone and got his mouth full of sand.

But the funniest occurrence appertaining to this race is this: the cockswain of the other boat was pious; still *our* cockswain averred that as we slipped past her, to his astonishment, he heard the opposition steerer "ripping and tearing" at his flagging crew in good round-set English non-judicial oaths. This story was told to the individual concerned, and his answer was a denial. He added, however, a gratuitous addendum (which rather threw an air of doubt over this denial), to the effect that he would say from his personal experience that if ever a man *was justified in swearing, it was when* he was getting beaten in a boat-race.

I might go on to relate (but I will not) how the beaten men were abused by their club—how they offered us their colors, and when we refused to accept them, how they buried them, but afterwards dug them up—how they changed their entire racing crew, and challenged us to row again immediately—how we responded, that after so much hard work we felt now inclined to have some fun, but that in October we would be very happy to beat them again—and *how we did it.*

I shall never forget the gush of triumph which filled every vein in my body with happiness as we came home past the judges' boat one good eighth of a mile ahead. My long and painful puzzling over the feathering of my oar, my abstinence and blood-blisters, were all endured with a feeling of certainty that, in the words of the homely proverb: "I would have my labor for my pains;" that we would be awfully beaten, and abominably crowed over. My feelings for a short time after the race—say a day and a half—were ecstatic. Talk about playing on "an instrument of ten strings"—why, I could have played that medium of joy and praise without any previous practice, and all the instruments of a brass band at the same time.

UNFORGOTTEN.

I stood when the rain was falling,
In the night, on the street Broadway;
And a man and a woman met face to face
In the lamplight's feeble ray.

One said: "Is it you, Maud Mary?
O God! I thought you were dead!"
And the other drew back with a short, sharp cry,
And swift through the darkness sped.

O pitiless heart of the city,
O desolate fall of the rain!
O woman, who fled from your early love,
White-faced, with a cry of pain!

☞ How Dickens looks? Out of his eyes, of course.

☞ "Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter to a mass meeting of the unterrified, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

☞ Some of the London papers are demanding an increase in the police force of that city. It now numbers seven thousand; they want to raise it to ten thousand.

"PAWS! stranger, paws! Here lies poor Jack;
His case was truly hard;
A dog that over four feet stood,
Lies buried in a yard!"

☞ Two young men were recently arrested in Paris, charged with being disorderly and "smashing things" in a saloon. It was urged in mitigation of the offence of one of the young men that he was in love. The other was recommended to mercy as having been in liquor. It is a noteworthy fact that the one in love smashed the largest quantity of furniture.

☞ There has been a debate on baptism at Newtown, Delaware, between Messrs. Jump, of the Methodist Episcopal, and Flippo, of the Baptist church, at the conclusion of which, says a local paper, all the Methodists were converted to sprinkling and the Baptists to immersion. A great triumph for Messrs. Jump and Flippo!

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ACCIDENT.—The steamer Raleigh, from New York for New Orleans, was burned off Charleston on Tuesday, the 24th of December. Thirteen persons, including the captain, are supposed to be lost, and others are missing.

ALABAMA.—The negroes in Montgomery, Ala., paraded on Christmas day, with arms and uniforms, contrary to military and municipal regulations. They were afterwards addressed in incendiary language by several persons, who have been arrested by the military. Riots occurred at other places in Alabama.

The opposition to the new Constitution in Alabama is reported to be increasing, and to include many of the Radicals and Radical newspapers.

TENNESSEE.—There were two murders and a dozen accidental shootings in Memphis on Christmas day. Singular way of celebrating the birthday of the "Prince of Peace!"

WASHINGTON.—The President, it is said, has positively made up his mind to remove Gen. Pope, but that he had not yet determined who he would appoint in his place. The order will probably be issued in a few days.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Fenianism still engrosses a fair share of public attention, though the excitement caused by the recent outrages has pretty much died out. There is a wide-spread and ever increasing feeling favorable to the amelioration of the condition of the Irish as the most effective means of suppressing Fenianism. The Times strongly favors this idea, and hopes and believes that the next session of Parliament will be occupied with the consideration of Irish affairs.

On the evening of the 23d, the Fenians attempted to destroy the gas works at Glasgow. Attempts had been made the night before to destroy the gas works at Warrington, in Liverpool. In both cases the efforts were unsuccessful. The authorities in those cities are doubly watchful, and no further trouble is apprehended.

No less than thirty thousand special constables have been sworn in, and are now serving in London.

The Times praises the Americans for their magnanimity in giving Dickens such a hearty reception.

IRELAND.—Explosive letters are the latest missiles of the Fenians. The Dublin mail has been surcharged with these dangerous missives addressed to prominent officials. One person was fearfully injured while opening one of these letters, and a number of the missives exploded before reaching their proper destination. Such things hurt the Fenian cause more than they hurt anybody else.

ITALY.—It now seems that the Italian Ministry will not be dissolved, but that Prime Minister Menabrea will still continue *at its head, and will at once proceed to re-organize* the Government. The reported changes in the Ministry caused some excitement in Paris, and it was feared that the action of the Italian Government would place Italy in a hostile attitude toward France.

The Governments of France and Italy have commenced negotiations for the abrogation of the September Convention, with the understanding that any agreement they may arrive at in the matter shall be submitted to the approval of the other Powers of Europe. The Italian Parliament by a recent vote refused to pay the interest on the debt of the provinces formerly belonging to the States of the Church, which debt was assumed by Italy when those provinces were annexed to the kingdom. The French Government has sent a despatch to Florence protesting against this action of the Legislature.

The Holy Father in an allocution congratulated his hearers on the defeat of Garibaldi, and the preservation of the Holy See from a great danger.

It is said that Menabrea will dissolve the Italian Parliament on the 15th proximo, if another vote unfavorable to the Ministry is taken before that date.

Twenty thousand more French troops have been ordered to Civita Vecchia, making 40,000 in all.

The eruption of Vesuvius is increasing.

FRANCE.—The debate in the Corps Legislatif on the Army bill was continued on Monday, the 23d. It is noticeable that M. Ollivier in his speech took strong grounds in favor of a Constitutional Government, and gave expression to the popular desire among the French for liberty.

M. Accolas and other members of a secret political society, which has held its meetings in Paris, have been sentenced to imprisonment.

AUSTRIA.—The bill for the emancipation of Jews has passed the Reichsrath.

The new Constitution of Austria, which recently passed the same body, has been promulgated throughout the Empire by Imperial decree.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—Accounts received at Massowah of the condition of progress of the British expedition in Abyssinia are all favorable. The army was steadily advancing into the interior up to date. Latest despatches say they had met with no opposition, but on the contrary were received in a friendly manner by the natives everywhere along the line of march.

The London Times has an editorial on the subject of the Abyssinian war, which it fears will be protracted until next year. It blames Sir William Napier, the commander of the British forces, for the delays which the expedition has encountered, and says nothing of consequence can be done during the present season.

DANISH WEST INDIES.—The question of the transfer of the Danish West India Islands to the United States will be submitted to a popular vote of the inhabitants of those colonies in January next.

ST. THOMAS.—Up to the 2d of December, five hundred shocks of earthquake have been felt at St. Thomas. The man who says that Secretary Seward's last purchase is "no great shakes" is clearly mistaken.

SANTO DOMINGO.—According to the last accounts the insurgents, under Baez, had possession of Port-au-Plate. Success thus far seems to incline to the party of Baez, and it is not impossible that he may be eventually successful.

MEXICO.—The Virginia brings important news from Sisal. The revolution in Yucatan was assuming large proportions. Santa Anna had been proclaimed Dictator by the revolutionists, and was expected hourly to arrive from Havana with men and a million dollars. The fort and town of Sisal were in the hands of the rebels, but the port was blockaded by two Mexican gunboats. A number of officers who formerly served under the Empire had arrived at Sisal from Matamoras.

PARAGUAY.—The end of the Paraguayan war is announced; the Paraguayans completely exhausted, having asked for a suspension of hostilities. After a contest of two years and a half, which has frequently been very bloody, this war is happily at an end, and with the restoration of peace, of which there is so fair a prospect, it is stated that the free navigation of all the Brazilian waters is to be opened to the world.

"Hara-Kiri"—How it is Performed.

The Japanese hold that death, under any circumstances, is to be preferred to dishonor. Whenever the privileged classes go on a journey, they carry with them the robes worn and the knife used at the performance of Hara-Kiri—thus testifying to their readiness at any moment to die rather than degrade their families or themselves. White is the mourning color of Japan. It is the only color used at funerals. Etiquette prescribes that a white robe and "Hara-Kama," or winged official dress, should be worn when Hara-Kiri is performed. The disemboweling knife is about eight inches in length, and very sharp.

When the official document authorizing a culprit to perform Hara-Kiri is made out, and duly signed by competent authorities, it is delivered over to two commissioners, who are directed to deliver it "to whom it may concern." It sometimes happens that this is a dangerous duty to perform. For, if the selected victim is a daimo of sufficient power to dare the tycoon, these messengers are often waylaid and assassinated by his friends. Hence stratagems are resorted to in order to insure the safety of the commissioners and the delivery of the document.

It is noteworthy that, if the document is once delivered, no matter by what tricks, and no matter how powerful the selected victim, the prince never thinks of defying the order, because, so strongly are the Japanese imbued with respect for the ancient customs of their country, he would lose caste with his most devoted followers by doing so.

When the victim receives his sentence, he gives notice of it to his friends, and invites them to share a parting carouse with him. They come on the day appointed by the commissioners, and after the victim has bidden his family farewell, he receives them, and they banquet together. Their host is dressed in white robes, and is supported by his ministers or relatives, who are similarly attired. When the hour fixed for Hara-Kiri arrives, the victim takes leave of his guests, as if nothing unusual was to happen—precisely as he parts with them on any ordinary occasion—and then he retires within a screened enclosure in company with his two supporters. The retainers who guard this enclosure are barefooted, as a mark of respect to the solemnity of the occasion and the rank of the culprit. The commissioners then read the fatal document. It announces that, in accordance with the ancient custom of the country, the daimo is permitted honorably to sacrifice himself, and thereby to expatiate, in his own person, the crime or offence he has committed against the welfare of the state. Opposite to the two commissioners sits the victim; on either side, at a short distance, sits one of his supporters; while the suite of the tycoon's messengers surround them at respectful distances. They are all clad in their official robes. The suite of the commissioners then retire into an adjoining compartment of the enclosure, leaving four persons only to witness the last scene, exclusive of the executioner, who is bare-footed and armed with a sword.

This notorious method of suicide has, of late years, assumed a somewhat modified form, and no longer consists in that unpleasant process of abdomen ripping, which must have been almost as disagreeable an operation to witness as to perform. The knife proper, used under the old system, is an exceedingly business-like weapon, about ten inches long, sharp as a razor, and made of steel of the highest temper. Now, this knife is only used to make a slight incision, significant of the intention to put an end to himself. He has collected his wife and family to see how a hero can die; his dearest friend—he who in our country would have been his best man at his wedding—stands over him with a drawn sword, and when he commences to make the aforesaid incision, the sword descends, and the head rolls off at the feet of his disconsolate family.

☞ The London Stationer announces that M. Marinoni prints the Petit Journal (a Parisian one cent daily paper) on a press invented by himself, which prints 600 copies a minute. Four of these machines turn out 144,000 copies an hour, the whole impression being 448,000 copies daily.

☞ It is becoming a very general practice in London to inclose grocers' goods in papers embellished with historic scenes or portraits of past or present worthies. Now there is a rage for the design of the martyrdom of the missionaries in Cochin China. It is no longer the mode to ask for one or two packages of so-and-so; you ask for two martyrs, one Garibaldi, three Popes, half a Victor Emmanuel, or a quarter of the Emperor. A Robespierre means tapioca, and a Danton sago.

☞ Though years bring with them wisdom, yet there is one lesson the aged seldom learn—namely, the management of youthful feelings. Age is all head, youth all heart; age reasons, youth feels; age acts under the influence of disappointment, youth under the dominion of hope.

☞ Nothing is more dissimilar than natural and acquired politeness. The first consists in a willing abnegation of self; the second in a compelled recollection of others.

☞ It is said that a tradesman in an Ohio city, appends to his advertisement, "Ministers of the Gospel supplied with goods at cost, if they agree to mention the fact to their congregations."

☞ PUNCH.—The term "Punch," now so familiar to lovers of fun, is supposed to have been derived from Puccio d'Aniello, a Neapolitan peasant who lived in the seventeenth century, and was famous for his humorous eccentricities. The character was transferred to the stage, where it continues to this day a local favorite. The English "Punch and Judy" puppet show was taken from the popular story connected with the character.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system: they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

marl6-eow tf

HEALTH, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss is found in AYER'S MEDICINES, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient. dec28-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—TIME OF LIFE.—Armed with this great antidote the fiery ordeal is passed through and the sufferer once more restored to the possession of undimpaired health. These Pills are equally efficacious in all female complaints, and obstructions at the dawn of womanhood. Sold everywhere.

NEURALGIA, NERVE-ACHE, and all painful Nervous diseases readily give way and leave the system when DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL is resorted to. It has the effect of stimulating the *nerve fluid* and expelling these complaints. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of Dec., by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Mann, CHARLES J. NEGER, Esq., to Miss AMELIA PRESSER, both of this city.

On the 10th of Nov., by the Rev. P. Coombs, Mr. JOHN H. NESBY, of Philada., to Miss SARAH W. SEGRAVES, of Salem, New Jersey.

On the 5th of Dec., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. C. K. TROUT to Miss M. E. KERR, both of this city.

On the 21st of Dec., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES E. HALLOWELL to Miss MARY M. HARTSELL, both of this city.

On the 19th of Dec., by the Rev. Theo. Stevens, Mr. WILLIAM H. CURRY to Miss MARY E. BENGER, both of this city.

On the 19th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM SPELLISEY to Miss SALLIE JONES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Dec., WILLIAM J. ROSS, in his 25th year.

On the 24th of Dec., THOMAS W. SHAFFER, aged 22 years.

On the 23d of Dec., W. L. BREWER, Sr., aged 73 years.

On the 22d of Dec., Mr. WILLIAM KAUFFMAN, aged 37 years.

On the 23d of Dec., CATHARINE HUDSON, aged 82 years.

On the 22d of Dec., SARAH LINDAUER, in her 78th year.

On the 22d of Dec., JOSEPH M. TACY, in his 76th year.

On the 21st of Dec., LUCILLE GABRIEL, in her 25th year.

On the 21st of Dec., Mrs. LOUISA H. TAYLOR, in her 57th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull. About 6000 bbls sold, in lots, to the retailers and bakers, at $7,50@8,25 for superfine; $8,50@9,50 for extra; $9,75@11 for low grade and fancy North-West extra family; $10,50@12,25 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family; and $12,50@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye flour sells, in small lots, at $8,50@8,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been less doing in Wheat. 25,000 bus of red sold at $2,10@2,20 for common; $2,30@2,45 for fair to good; and $2,50@2,55 for prime do; 1000 bus of California sold at $2,30; and 1200 bus of Southern white at $2,70@2,85 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—2000 bush of prime Pennsylvania sold, in lots, at $1,75@1,78 ₩ bus. Corn—8000 bus of old yellow sold at $1,40@1,42; 20,000 bus of new Pennsylvania and Delaware yellow at $1,10@1,22, as to condition; and 2000 bus of new white at $1,12. Oats—Sales of 10,000 bus at 72@80c ₩ bus—the latter rate for prime Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of Pork at $21,50 for old and $22,50 for new, $13,50 for prime do, and $18 for prime. Mess Beef—City packed sells at $20@23. Bacon—Sales of hams at 16@16½c; sides are taken in lots at 13½c, and shoulders at 11½@12c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@13½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 9@9½c. Lard—Sales in tes and bbls at 12c, and kegs at 13½@14c. Butter—Sales of old at 14@20c; new at 16@30c, and roll at 30@45c. Cheese is quiet; sales at 15@16c. Eggs sell at 28@40c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been very dull. About 500 bales of middlings sold in lots at 15½@16c for Uplands, and 16½@17c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—60 hhds of 1st No. 1 Quercitron sold at $50 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales yellow at 39@40c ₩ ℔.

COAL—There is very little doing. The cargo rates are $4,25@4,50 ₩ ton for white ash, and $4,40@4,75 for red ash.

FEATHERS—1400 ℔s of fair western sold at 75c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 6¾@7c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7@7¾c, and halves at 9@9½c ₩ ℔. Pared Peaches range at 15@22c ₩ ℔. Green Apples sell at from $4@5 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at from 45 to 70c for the crop of 1867, as to quality.

IRON—Pig Iron is dull; sales of No 1 at $40; No 2 at $38, and $33 to 36 for forge.

SEEDS—In Cloverseed there is rather more doing. 700 bus sold in lots at $7@8 ₩ bus. Timothy, 300 bus sold at $2,50@2,55. Flaxseed sells at $2,45@2,50 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Small sales are reported at 10½@11c for city rendered, and 10½c ₩ ℔ for country.

WOOL—Low grades are in fair demand; sales of 40,000 ℔s at 54 to 55c for double extra; 49@50c for extra; 43@45c for fine; 40@42c for medium; 35@40c for coarse; 40@43c for tub washed; 32@35c for extra Western pulled, and 30@32c ₩ ℔ for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ ℔. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½ cts ₩ ℔. 3700 Hogs sold at from $9,50 to 10,25 ₩ 100 ℔s.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

New and Splendid Premium Engraving.

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The proprietors of "the oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who make the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON."

For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the above splendid portrait of Washington, engraved by the distinguished artist, H. Wright Smith, from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, (or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) will be sent gratis as a *Premium* (postage paid) *to every full* ($2.50) *subscriber, and also to every person sending a club.*

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured. The following *original* serial stories are already on hand:—

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

TRYING THE WORLD.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

Besides our original contributions, long and short, we also select in STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, &c.,

THE GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES;

And also give the NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES RECEIPTS, CLIPPINGS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

No. 1.	For 30 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth		$55.00
" 2.	For 4	"	"	2.50	"	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth	3.00
						or a Set of Chess Men, worth	3.00
" 3.	For 8	"	"	2.50	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth	7.00
						or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth	7.00
						or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth	7.00
						or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth	10.00
						or a Silver Plated Castor, worth	10.00
						or a Set of Croquet maple, painted, worth	10.00
No. 4.	For 10 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth		12.00
						or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth	12.00
						or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth	12.00
" 5.	For 12	"	"	2.50	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth	14.00
" 6.	For 16	"	"	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth	20.00
" 7.	For 20	"	"	2.50	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth	25.00
" 8.	For 24	"	"	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth	30.00
" 9.	For 30	"	"	2.50	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth	35.00
" 10.	For 40	"	"	2.50	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth	80.00
						or one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c., worth	95.00
" 11.	For 50	"	"	2.50	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth	75.00
" 12.	For 60	"	"	2.50	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth	80.00
" 13.	For 80	"	"	2.50	"	a First Quality Melodeon (4 octaves) worth	70.00
" 14.	For 75	"	"	2.50	"	a First Quality Parlor Organ (4 octaves), worth	110.00

SPLENDID OFFER OF BOOKS.

POSTAGE PREPAID BY US.

As some may be desirous of obtaining Books instead of the above Premiums, we make this additional offer:—

We will furnish any Books on T. B. Peterson & Bros.' List of Publications, *bound in paper, or in cloth, and postage prepaid*, on the following terms:—For 2 new subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $1.50 worth of Books; for 4 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $3.00 worth of Books; for 8 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $7.00 worth of Books; for 16 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $15.00 worth of Books; for 30 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $30.00 worth of Books; and for 50 subscribers at $2.50 apiece, $55.00 worth of Books.

The person entitled to a Premium will be allowed to select such Books (bound in cloth or paper) as he may desire, out of T. B. Peterson & Bros.' publications—among which are the works of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Bremer, Charles Lever, Captain Marryatt, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Southworth, Dumas, Emerson Bennett, Wilkie Collins, G. P. R. James, Miss Pardoe, T. S. Arthur, Prof. Liebig, &c., &c. Also, nine different Cook Books.

T. B. Peterson & Bros.' Catalogue, with the retail prices, will be sent to any one on the receipt of a three cent stamp. The postage on these books will be *prepaid*. All the other Premiums (except the engravings) are sent at the expense of the person getting them.

REMARKS

☞ The lists may be made up for THE POST exclusively, or the Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly of one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber, on a Premium list, is to receive *in addition to his paper or magazine*, a copy of either of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, as he may prefer—"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON," "EDWARD EVERETT IN HIS LIBRARY," or "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive an engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engraving at once. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists. The papers or magazines will be sent to different post-offices when desired.

The canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engravings. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us one *dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The paper and magazine, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

The Sewing Machine offered is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Machine, price $55. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars, (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine contointly when so desired—and are as follows:—

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving).....$2.50

Address **HENRY PETERSON & CO.,**

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent, on the receipt of *five cents*.

An Elegant Costume Described.

That folly of fashion which gives sentimental French names and phrases to trimmings and patterns is amusingly taken off in the new magazine (Tinsley's) which is just published in London. It is a passage from the Marquis Valfon's Souvenirs, and describes Mademoiselle du The's costume at the opera:—

"Her robe of 'stifled sighs,' ornamented with 'superfluous regrets,'" remarks the marquis, "had a point bordered with 'perfect candor,' trimmed with 'indiscreet complaints.' She wore ribbons of 'marked attentions,' and shoes of the color of the '*cheveur de la reine*,' embroidered with diamonds in 'treacherous stripes.' Above curls of 'elevated sentiments' she had a headdress of 'certain conquests,' trimmed with 'fickle feathers' and bows of 'downcast looks.' Upon her collar was *un chat* of newly arrived knave color, and on her shoulder a 'Medicis mounted in decorum,' together with Absalom's curl of 'momentary agitation.'"

☞ "Wife," said a broker, a few days since, "do you think I shall ever be worth fifty thousand dollars?" "Ain't I worth that to you?" said the confiding spouse. "Y-e-s," hesitatingly replied the other half, "but I can't put you out at interest."

☞ A friend has presented us with the autograph of the blacksmith who riveted the public gaze; also, one of the timbers of the house that a celebrated actor brought down.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOR 1868

The east is latticed with bars of gold,
And slowly broadening, fold by fold,
The banner of day is wide unrolled,
Sunny and bright and clear—
And lo, the tender and gracious light,
Keeping the promise of yesternight,
Gilds with its radiance rich and bright
The brow of the new-born Year!

Ring glad bells from your steeples high—
Ring and shout as the winds go by—
Ring till your merriment fills the sky—
Ring, for the heir is here—
Heir of promise and hope sublime,
Heir of the century's noon-day prime,
Born in the lap of Christmas time,
Beautiful, bright New Year!

* * * * * *

In chill December's last and saddest night,
That soundless hush when Silence holds her breath,
When the Old Year goes tottering to his rest
With wearied frame and laden shoulders bowed,
And his faint foot-falls echo down the world
Like heart-throbs which each listener thinks his own,
What waking soul but pauses for awhile,
And lays aside its load of petty cares,
Of vain ambitions or of narrow griefs,
To read the solemn lesson of the time?

The Year is going—oh, the precious Year!
What is he taking from us that we love?
What jewel that we never can regain?
What beauty that will never be renewed?
What treasure that our prayers can not recall?
What charm that we henceforth must lack and mourn?
What joy that tears are powerless to win?
What love that we would give all else to save?
What radiance is he stealing from our lives
Which never never more will come again?

Oh Life! oh Time! We know not what we dread—
We only know that all the heavy blows
Which smite us to the dust fall silently,
And this strange silent Going makes us fear—
So that we shudder when the pitiless clock
Sends out its sudden clamor, and the strokes
Fall heavy on the hearts which ached before;
But we can only gird ourselves with hope
And gather up our faith and strength anew
Fearless, to face and greet the stranger Year.

Meanwhile 'tis well to think upon the joys
Which last year gave, and did not take away;—
The few bright days which we shall not forget,
The tender word which lingers with us still,
The loving glance which lights our pathway yet,
The cordial clasp still warm upon our palm,
The true enduring friendship, or perhaps
The crown and glory of a lifelong love—
Locked in the sweet remote security,
The sure safe shrine of the completed Year!
Thus musing as I sat last night alone
Holding a hand each of the Old and New,
Hearing from far a watch-dog's sleepy bark,
Or, nearer by, some whistling passer's tread,
Or the faint crackling of the creeping frost,—
Sudden there rose a clear and tender voice
Breaking upon the sadness of the hour
As a white star dawns through the cloudy dark;—
And thus it warbled—and I listened charmed,
And felt my heart grow lighter all the while:

"How sweet upon the waiting world
Blew down the breath of Spring,
When tree and shrub and weed awoke
To life and blossoming—
Leaping with joy the rain-born brooks
Sped singing on their way,
And all the hills and woods and plains
Rejoiced the livelong day.

"The singing-birds of Springs before,
Came back in merry pairs,
To choose their homes and build their nests,
And rear their tender cares;
The world seemed full of love and light,
Time flew on rainbow wing,
And every grateful spirit breathed
'We thank Thee for the Spring!'

"How sweet adown the azure fell
The Summer's fervent smile!
A faint delicious languor lay
On sea and shore and isle;
The field, the garden and the vale
Were full of varied bloom,
And every wandering breeze returned
And brought a new perfume.

"The forests, dense with leaf and shade,
And full of bashful flowers,
Lay dim and odorous in the heat—
And, all the morning hours,
Alive with birds, whose silver songs
Were half delight, half praise—
And every grateful spirit breathed
Thanks for the Summer days.

"How sweet along the hazy hills
Shone Autumn's ruddy light—
How fair the orchard's rosy stores,
The grain-fields wide and bright—
How clear the cricket's warning note,—
The faint farewells of birds,
Sounding among the reddening trees
Like sweetly spoken words.

"And slowly came the freakish frost
As loath to kill the flowers,
And slowly grew the bitter cold
To chill the golden hours;
Beauty and plenty ruled the scene,
Despite the gathering rime,
And grateful spirits breathed a song
Of thanks for Autumn time.

"How brightly dawned along the land
The crisp white Winter days—
Calling our wandering ones again
Around the hearth-fire's blaze—
Touching with saddened tenderness
The hearts of all who roam,
And binding every loving soul
Anew to friends and home.

"How fair the fine and frosty nights
With sports which never tire—
How sweet the safe sequestered hours
Beside the warm home-fire!
How dear the loves which blossom there,
The friendships strong and true!
Ah, surely every grateful heart
Gives thanks for Winter too!

"And so though Spring held blighted buds,
And Summer cankered flowers,
Though Autumn brought some loss or pain
To these fond hearts of ours—
Though Winter keep its grief or cross,
Yet, more in hope than fear,
We bow, our Father and our Friend,
And thank Thee for the Year!

"And for the new-born Year, whose reign
Commences with the day,
We greet him with a hopeful trust,
And cast our fears away.
For God who rules the varying months
Is always just and true,
And every day that brings us grief,
Will bring us blessings too!"

* * * * * * * * *

The east is latticed with bars of gold,
And slowly broadening, fold by fold,
The banner of day is wide unrolled,
Sunny and bright and clear—
And lo, the tender and gracious light,
Keeping the promise of yesternight,
Gilds with its radiance rich and bright
The brow of the glad New Year!

Love-Letters.

This species of composition is one which most men, in the course of a long and checkered career, become familiar with. If they have not got to write love-letters of their own, the chances of life or of a profession bring them generally into contact with the love-letters of other people; and generally experience agrees in this, that there is no branch of literature so universally cultivated to so very little purpose or use. Love-letters ought, on theory, to be full of genius. They contain, or are supposed to contain, the young gushings of nature and of the heart. And it is very much in favor of the writers that they write in moments of considerable exaltation, and mean what they write to be seen only by one pair of eyes. At such a task one would think only a very stupid man would fail; but, on the contrary, one finds that very few men succeed. Perhaps at the time it is of not much consequence whether the author is fortunate in a literary point of view or not, as the only critic to whom his efforts are submitted is usually blindly partial, and perhaps not much of a literary judge. But as clever women every now and then are fascinating, and men do happen sometimes to fall in love with them, it is necessary to have some views as to what a letter of the sort directed to a *competent critic should contain*. And inasmuch as, in the present condition of society and the law, nobody can be quite certain that his love-letters may not hereafter be published, either for the benefit of the newspapers or for posterity, it is important that Englishmen should begin to give their minds to doing their epistolary duties well, and in a manner calculated to bring no disgrace upon themselves or their education. What ruins most love-letters is not the sentiment or the unworldliness that underlies them, so much as the adherence to a common form which is not by any means based upon the rules of the highest art. The love-letters of tradesmen and half-educated people, whenever they turn up in the papers, are always full of little commonplaces which the writers appear to consider appropriate to the situation. They never seem able quite to make up their mind whether it is the correct thing to call the beloved object thou or you; and the second person singular and the second person plural keep blundering up against one another in a manner that must be heart-rending to any young tradesman's mistress who is anything of a grammarian. There is something about the correspondence of lovers who belong to this class of life that reminds the reader of a valentine. It is the correct thing apparently among them to engage in a periodical correspondence, and the British tradesman does it without a murmur; but his share in it generally consists of assurances that when he got back to his shop after leaving the lady of his affections he could not sleep a wink, but that even in the dark watches of the night he is "thine, fondly thine." The young milliner to whom it is addressed is far better pleased that these little common forms should not be left out. Love-letters, like a trousseau, a wedding breakfast, and a trip to Gravesend, are the proper incidents of courtship and of marriage. Other young milliners have had them, and it would be a painful thing to think they were to be omitted. The happy tradesman is bound to gratify so harmless a sentiment of feminine dignity; and flourishes away with his thee's and thou's in order to keep pace with his fair mistress's conceptions of what a love-letter ordinarily is, and what it is destined to be.

The love-letters of educated people are doubtless less grotesque; but educated people have their own common forms, which to cold and rational observers would appear little less ridiculous in the long run. The poetry of the times has a good deal to say to the love-letter of the period. Girls who are tolerably well read know by heart all the routine of love-making long before they come to be seriously in love. They have seen about it in Byron and in Tennyson, and have sung a good deal about it in connection with the moon, and with all sorts of angels and of flowers, at the piano. As soon as the hour of a lifelong attachment comes, they settle themselves down to realize all that they have heard of, and a love which had not a good deal of moon and flowers and angels about it would not seem to them love at all. The first thing that a woman likes when she is being courted is to be called something like what amateur musicians are always calling one another in duets. She is willing to be a bee, or a bird, or a lily; but it is *de rigueur* that she should be either in the ornithological or the botanical line. It is all very well if the lover happens to have been a little in the duet way, too. He can in this case understand the feeling, and nerve himself without much difficulty to respond to it. But if he is entirely ignorant about birds and botany, his task becomes more serious. He has the humiliation of being obliged to confine himself entirely to calling his future wife an angel or a goddess, according as he is most addicted to classical or to Christian mythology; while the mortifying thought cannot fail to strike him that both appellations are a little elevated and a little trite. If it were not, indeed, for the penny post, writing love-letters might not be so exhausting to the intellect. In old times a gentleman could only indite epistles of the kind once a week or once a fortnight, and had plenty of leisure to get up his literary steam and to select his illustrations. If at the moment it did not occur to him what sort of plant he wished to call his fair correspondent, he had at least seven days to think about it and to consult his dictionary. The penny post has altered all this, and a lover's imagination now has to undergo frequent and diurnal drains which it really is quite unfitted to support.

Courtship has become a literary crisis in life. Men must write as long as women will read, and it is on this account that the art of love-letter writing depends to be seriously taught, and seriously recognized, even by so prosy and sedate a tribunal as the Civil Service Commissioners. It is a sad thing to think how many *attachés*, Indian civil servants and clerks in Government offices are totally ignorant of the proper rudiments of a training which is sure to become necessary to them in the daily routine of their profession.

As it is too late now for society to go back upon its traces, and to put down that fatal institution, the penny post, the next best alternative would be perhaps to abolish love-letters altogether, and to substitute in their place all the antiquated machinery of love-making which the rapid and unsentimental ideas of the age have long since set aside. Why, if the truth must be spoken, should a young gentleman write frequent letters to his betrothed wife at all? The passion for so doing cannot be natural or universal, for it does not obtain among nations who are unacquainted with a postal system. If he has anything particular to say, he could usually come and say it in person. Love-letters, after all, are a lazy way of making love. They might be tolerated in the days when there were neither railways nor Hansom cabs, and when long journeys separated faithful lovers. But in a generation when a railway ticket carries us in less than twelve hours from London to Dublin, love-letters surely ought to be an anachronism. It may be said, in answer to this, that a lover has not always anything to say of so particular and special a kind as to make it worth his while to travel twelve hours for the mere purpose of saying it. And nothing is more likely to be true. But this is a strange confession as to the inanity of the contents of a love-letter. On this hypothesis, a love-letter is a document meant to contain things which are not worth telling *at the cost of a long journey*. No avowal could be more damaging to the cause which it was designed to uphold; and if lovers have nothing better to urge in favor of love-letters than this, they are out of court altogether. There may of course be exceptional and extreme cases, such as the case of poor lovers who cannot afford the expense of railways or of cabs, as there may be instances of faithful lovers separated by cruel parents. In the present state of society, however, it is obvious that love-letters cannot be kept up as an institution merely for the sake of fostering and assisting improvident marriages. Lovers have no business to be too poor to travel. If they are, we are quite sure that they are far too poor to marry. Expensive as are railway fares, they are not so expensive as children; and the gentleman who cannot afford a Hansom cab certainly cannot afford a wife. As to the other case of love interrupted by stern and relentless parents, it is still easier to answer. Love-letters are not the proper remedy for this misfortune. Providence has not bestowed on England the penny post in order to promote clandestine attachments. Certainly Romeo wrote to Juliet, but he did not write to her every day; and, though a secret love-letter now and then might be tolerated according to all the laws of ancient and modern romance, there is something singularly earthy, cockneyish and unromantic in the notion of a daily penny correspondence between hearts that are beating for one another. Leander did not write to Hero by the post. He swam across to her. It is no doubt true that he was drowned; but the unfortunate end of an individual does not militate against the truth of a great principle.

It may possibly be thought that, if love-letters are to be abolished, there may be a difficulty about finding something to replace them. There is not much force, if there is any force at all, in this reasoning. The great thing is to have a conventional means of communication between lovers; and we entertain no doubt that but one conventional form of intercourse in the long run will satisfy them as well as another. One change for the better which might be proposed in the interest of those whose minds, however cultivated, are not equal to the tension of daily love-letters, would be a return to the practice of amatory poetry. A hundred of things may be said in rhyme which look very badly *in* prose. The moon, for example—not to mention angels and goddesses—does admirably in a sonnet. Nobody wants to use sonnets for anything else, and the medium or vehicle, and the imagery which is to fill it, thus become quite fitting and appropriate for one another. A vehicle like a penny letter, which is usually employed for invitations, and ordering bales of cotton, is business and pleasure, for accepting dinner not made to carry the moon and stars, and all sorts of flowers and plants. The connection is incongruous, and a lover may well feel foolish when he reflects that the letter which contains all his rhapsodies lies on the breakfast-table of his lady-love in a heap of similar epistles filled with the latest tidings about bonnets and about crinoline. Let us make a bold effort and go back to romantic poems. Rythm and rhyme, at all events, are never profaned by trade or business. They remain dedicated still to sentiment and feeling. And we may be quite sure that what the communications of lovers lose in frequency, they will gain in strength and so-

lidity. Love-letters are too easily composed to be composed well. Fifty things go into each of which any sensible scholar or man of taste may well be ashamed. Fortunately, rhyme is not so easily written; and it will be a pleasure and a gain to young Englishwomen to reflect that Augustus had not scribbled off the first nonsense that came into his head about roses and sunbeams in a hurry, but has sat down and labored seriously to make his verses worth reading. And any young woman who likes (as all do who are in love,) to be called extravagant names will gain indescribably by the amendment. It is twenty times as easy to call a beautiful person out-of-the-way names in poetry as in prose. An "angel" is nothing—the merest nothing—in any lyric stanzas properly got up; while in a letter it seems flabby and stagey. Let us, therefore, abandon love-letters, and go back to poetry; and if lovers have any spare emotion to let off which is not absorbed in the process of making rhymes, let them take to serenades, if necessary, in addition. The English climate is not really too cold for serenading, though it may be the fashion to think so. Well wrapped up, a lover might hold out a whole winter; and, after a crowded and heated evening party, a cool half hour at a guitar, with a cigar, would suit equally the serenader and the serenaded. The next love-letter that any young lady writes had better, therefore, like the celebrated letter of Penelope, ask to close the correspondence, except so far as it can be continued in person, or at least underneath a balcony.

AN OLD WIFE'S SONG.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

And what will ye hear, my daughters dear?
  Oh, what will ye hear this night?
Shall I sing you a song of the yuletide cheer,
  Or of lovers and ladies bright?

"Thou shalt sing," they say (for we dwell far away
  From the land where fain would we be,)
"Thou shalt sing us again some old-world strain
  That is sung in our own countrie.

"Thou shalt mind us so of the times long ago,
  When we walked on the upland lea,
While the old harbor light waxed faint in the white
  Long rays shooting out from the sea.

"While lambs were yet asleep, and the dew lay deep
  On the grass, and their fleeces clean and fair.
Never grass was seen so thick nor so green
  As the grass that grew up there.

"In the town was no smoke, for none there awoke—
  At our feet it lay still as still could be;
And we saw far below the long river flow
  And the schooners a-warping out to sea.

"*Sing us now a strain shall* make us *feel* again
  As we felt in that sacred peace of morn,
When we had the first view of the wet, sparkling dew,
  In the shyness of a day just born."

So I sang an old song—it was plain and not long;
  I had sung it very oft when they were small;
And long ere it was done they wept every one;
  Yet this was all the song—this was all:

The snow lies white, and the moon gives light;
  I'll out to the freezing mere,
And ease my heart with one little song,
  For none will be nigh to hear.
  And it's O my love, my love!
  And it's O my dear, my dear!
It's of her that I'll sing till the wild woods ring,
  When nobody's nigh to hear.

My love is young, she is young, is young,
  When she laughs the dimple dips.
We walked in the wind, and her long locks blew
  Till sweetly they touched my lips.
  And I'll out to the freezing mere,
  Where the stiff reeds whistle so low,
And I'll tell my mind to the friendly wind,
  Because I have loved her so.

Ay, and she's true; my lady is true!
  And that's the best of it all;
And when she blushes my heart so yearns
  That tears are ready to fall.
  And it's O my love, my love!
  And it's O my dear, my dear!
It's of her that I'll sing till the wild woods ring,
  When nobody's nigh to hear.

December, 1867.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLTON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

DR. WARTON PUTS THE SCREW ON.

So soon as Miles Ripson (for he it was whose tread was so rapidly approaching) perceived that the doctor had halted at the Gate, he exchanged what had been a run for a saunter, took out his pipe and lit it, and leisurely dawdled down to the spot, as though he were taking an evening stroll.

"You are not gone to bed then, Miles, after all," said Warton coolly.

"No," answered the other with an affectation of carelessness that contrasted ludicrously enough with his suspicious eye. "I generally stretch my legs and smoke a pipe of tobacco, the last thing."

"And always come out without your hat, eh? just as though you had jumped up in a hurry. You find that cools your head, I daresay; and it must need that, most nights, I suspect."

"My head's cool enough, thank *you*," returned Miles savagely; but his face belied his speech. It was evident that he had delayed after his guest's departure to fortify himself with a dram; this had given him audacity; and the other's bantering words goaded him to the coward's substitute for courage—fury.

"What the devil do you want with me, Dr. Warton?" exclaimed he suddenly. "Come, let's have it out. Who are you, to look at me like that, you drunken dog?"

"What do I want with you?" returned his companion slowly. "That's a strange question for *you* to ask. Here am I going home, tired enough, after a late visit to a patient; presently, I hear a fellow running after me without his hat, as though there was Fire, and I was the parish turncock. When he comes up, the first thing he says, after he has got his breath, is, What do I want with *him*?"

"Don't you make a fool of me, Dr. Warton," observed Miles menacingly; "I am not in the humor for it; mind that."

"I had no intention of doing so, Ripson; I know that Nature has anticipated me there; you're a born fool."

"Very good; I will remember *that*," said the other slowly. "But you have not answered my question."

"No; because I do not see the propriety of it. You put it to me without the least justification or excuse. This is your field, I know, but I was standing in a public footway, leaning over a public gate—in point of fact, the Wishing-gate—wishing with all my heart that Miles Ripson was less pig-headed and more awake to his true interests—"

"Were you indeed?" interrupted Ripson mockingly. "Then you might just as well have been wishing over the Hog tub."

"Perhaps so, Miles; and yet it may be superstitious; but I rather believe in the virtue of the Wishing-gate. I seem to think you'll come to terms here, for instance, and take those hundred guineas before we part. In the meantime, just give me a light from your pipe."

As the doctor stooped down to take it, and the fierce though tiny flame brought out his massive features, their calmness and immobility contrasted strangely enough with the working of the swarthy face, distorted with rage and hate, that was regarding it so closely.

"Did you hear the owls under Blackbarrow a while ago?" asked Miles in hoarse and half-choked tones.

"No, Ripson, I did not."

"Then you shall hear them now." The young man put one hand to the side of his mouth, and sent forth a prolonged and melancholy halloo, which floating over the still valley, was repeated again and again by the opposite crags. Before the last echoes had died away, the zealous owls, like a scold battling for the last word, took them up, and "No, no—no, *no*, no, no—no, *no*, no, *no*—no, NO!" filled all the circle of the hills. "That's my answer, Dr. Warton. I will not take those hundred guineas. If you want any more replies, you must ask the owls for them."

"We had better not part like this, Miles," said the doctor gravely, as the other began to move homeward. "I have spoken you fair hitherto, but I need not ask you favors. Yes; I think you are not quite in such a hurry but that you can spare me a few minutes."

"Look you, *I won't be talked to like this*," cried Ripson, turning sharply round, and retracing the step or two he had already taken. "I don't fear you; I have nothing to fear. But I fear myself. My temper is not of the best; and take you care I do not do you a mischief."

"You, *you!*" exclaimed the doctor scornfully and drawing up his giant form to its full height; "you do me a mischief! Cowardly dog! Why, before you could put your cunning arms around me, I would beat your face in with my fists. Stand off, you mere dull brute, or, like a brute, you shall feel the pole-axe. Do you take me for your wife, that you dare to threaten me, Miles Ripson? Not but that I could tell your wife a secret that would make you tremble even before her."

If the secret had been spoken then and there, it could scarce have made the young man's passionful cheek more pallid, or given to his angry eyes more of uncertainty and irresolution than it did.

"What do you mean?" cried he with some wretched dregs of his old hectoring manner yet in his tone.

"I mean that you are a scoundrel and a *thief!*"

"It was not me, doctor—I swear it was not me—who took the—the—"

"Go on: the letters. Who was it took them, then?"

"It was my mother."

There was a long pause, during which Ripson moved uneasily, and wiped his mouth, and turned his hands over one another in expectation of an answer, and the doctor continued to gaze at him with wonder and unutterable contempt.

"Why don't you speak to me?" continued the wrestler peevishly. "I have told you that it was my mother, and not me."

"I heard you, Miles Ripson, although I could scarce believe my ears; and I feel in some sort grateful to you for your excuse. I daresay you have no very high opinion of my morality, and you are quite right. I am what the world, I daresay—for the world is censorious—would not hesitate to call a scoundrel; and I am also, as you say, 'a drunken dog.' But by contrast with you, I feel myself an honest and a moral man. When you worked in the wad-hole, I daresay you thought your own hut—although it was always, as I remember, a foul and slatternly place—a very pleasant sort of atmosphere by comparison with the closeness of the mine; and in like manner, I protest that I feel myself a pure and healthy soul with such a companion as yourself—you damnable and utter ruffian—you base wretch—you Cur."

There was murder in the young man's eye, and the fingers of his right hand opened and shut convulsively, as though they were clutching for a weapon; but he answered not a word.

"Listen, you treacherous hound," continued the doctor coolly, "because I know it is wormwood for you to hear it, and because I like to see you greedy for my life, and yet not daring to lift your hand against me. That woman who is your slave yonder, became so by deceit and fraud. She was affianced to an honest man, and plighted faith to him upon this very spot not three years back. He left her, trusting to her loyalty; and loyal she would have remained, except for you."

"A woman may change her mind, I suppose?" muttered the other sullenly.

"Yes; but you persuaded her that George Adams had changed *his* mind."

"And so he had, for all I know."

"You liar! you knew that he was true as steel. You took advantage of your mother being post-mistress to thieve the letters which George wrote to Mary, as well as those which Mary wrote to George. Then you persuaded her that silence meant forgetfulness, desertion, broken troth."

"All stratagems are fair in love, they say," answered the other with a ghastly smile.

"What! Robbery? Felony? Do you know what the law awards, Miles Ripson, to stratagems like that?"

"Who is to prove it?" muttered the young man huskily, and drawing a step nearer. "Does any one guess at it beside yourself?"

"Yes, thief.—I do not value your wrath at a pin's head; but if you did your worst, and slew me now, by some back-handed stab, or what not coward blow, it would not serve you. You would be hung, instead of being a felon for life—that's all. Another person beside me is aware of your guilt, and but for your wife's sake, would have denounced you long ago. The woman whom you ill-treat and despise has been hitherto your protectress—you gallows-bird. It is hard enough for her to be the victim of your brutality—to be conscious that the man she took for a fine fellow is a tyrant and a sot; but if she knew that the man she might have married, and who was worthy of her, loved her truly all along, and mourns her fate more deeply than his own, it would break her heart.—I see a devilish pleasure in your wicked face. Well, I cannot help that; but take care what you do. You hate your wife, I know, and will hate her worse now that I have told you this; but if she dies—if your ill-treatment drives her to the grave, as it already threatens to do—remember, the only shield between you and your punishment is thereby removed; and if again I do but hear of your ill-using that poor girl, as sure as I am a living man, I'll come myself, and take you by the throat, and cry: 'This man is a thief;' I will, so help me Heaven!"

The doctor's huge frame shook with suppressed rage, and the great purple veins stood out upon his forehead like marks of stripes.

"'A drunken dog,' you called me a while ago," continued he; "be sure I will be a dog to watch you close—to give tongue to others of your doings—or to tear you down myself, if need should be. If I be a rogue to others, to you at least I will be the very guardian of the law."

"If, in the heat of passion," began Miles whimpering, "I have said anything to offend you, doctor—"

"Don't answer me!" broke in the other with violence; "don't dare to speak till I have done, you mean and cringing slave. You that have tempted your own mother, with her poor gray hairs, to risk her soul for you, to break her trust, to steal, and then when I call you 'Thief,' who say: 'It was *my mother*,' hold your base tongue! Her *guilt, compared to yours, is innocence*; and yours, by accusing her, is made more damnable by fiftyfold.—Don't speak, I say; don't dare even to lift your face, or I will spit upon it: but listen. The other person beside me at whose word you go to jail, and from thence to life-long penance, is the one on whose behalf I came up hither to-night. If my advice were taken, you would have nothing—not a single guinea—for the service that may be demanded of you; but I am instructed to make you the same offer as before.—Now, then, am I to ask the owls for a reply, or you, Miles Ripson?"

"I will take the hundred guineas," muttered Miles reluctantly, "having no choice."

"That's well: I thought there would be virtue in the Wishing-gate. That matter, then, is settled. But for the rest, take heed and timely warning.—Stand by, and let your master pass." With that, the doctor turned his broad back upon his scowling companion, and slowly took the woodland pathway home.

CHAPTER XV.

GEORGE AND EVELYN.

Among the many things that we are prone to regret when the piled-up years have bent our backs, is the missed summer mornings; the thousand hours we have passed in vacant sleep, when the world has arrayed itself in its very best to ravish ear and eye, and both have slept. The best folks I have known—with one or two base exceptions, fellows who have got up with the lark to make money for their private purse—have all been early risers; and this is especially the case with children. A child who gets up voluntarily to greet the morning out of doors, has a wise and healthy mind, and happy is the house that holds her.

All the summer through, it was Evy Sefton's habit to arise betimes, without assistance in her simple toilet, and let herself out of the still sleeping house, to work in her little garden, or stray beside the shining lake, or even visit the peaceful solitudes of the hills which had been dead Charlie's favorite haunts. She was growing now to be almost as old as he was in those far-back times: how strange that seemed! But there was nothing sad about such visits. She knew that he was in a place more beautiful by far than any of these. Refreshed and joyous, she would presently trip homeward; and her lithe and active step would be heard upon the stairs, and perhaps the beginning of some artless song, suddenly hushed as she passed Aunt Woodford's chamber-door, who, above all things, was not to be disturbed. Mr. Woodford had been exiled from his wife's bower months ago, because his Indian habits led him to arise, not early indeed, but considerably before the breakfast-hour most agreeable to Madame, and pronounced by Dr. Warton, under existing circumstances, to be the most healthful. But Uncle Ernest immured himself forthwith in what he called his study, and set to work to calculate the future incomings from his wad-mine, which was turning out quite a Golconda: his growing wealth was beginning to give him, for a certain reason, more pleasure than it had ever done before.

On the morning after her last visit to Ander Nook, Evy leaves as usual the silent Hall, with its drawn-down blinds, and takes her away to the lake-side. Early as she is, she is late for the object she has in view, which is to speak with George Adams ere he has crossed the mere on his road to the wad-mine. He lodges in a lonely house half-way up a green hill, itself at some distance from the village, and the nearest point to the Hall that he will touch at is the wooden foot-bridge. The ordinary way thither is by the carriage-drive and the high-road; but since there has been much dry weather, and the lake is low, Evy is able to skirt it dry-shod, upon the soft brown sand and loose tinkling shingle, between the water and the fringing woods. To this new-discovered land flock the birds, to drink and twitter, and the gorgeous butterflies to flit from one sunny stone to another like winged jewels. And now the mere begins to narrow, and the still waters to move swiftly in their bed; here a huge stone lifts its head above the stream, and riven-breasted though it be, still foils the churning wave. Here a tiny islet parts it without contest; and here, again, the level beck clangs on exultant over the unresisting pebbles. Beneath the shadow of these midmost rocks, and where the eddies leave a calm, still pool, sways, waiting for her love, the scarlet char. So much there is to mark, and all so fair, that Evy comes upon the quivering shadow of the bridge, and on it that of the very man she seeks, before she is aware.

"Dear heart, Miss Evelyn, but you are an early bird!" exclaims George, with the old military salute. "You need not tell me who showed you that pathway by the beck, for there was only one who knew it."

"Yes, George; it was Cousin Charlie."

They always spoke of him, those two, whenever they met; his memory, sacred to the one, had become, through reverent usage, and consciousness of the favor which had been done him for its sake, in some sort hallowed to the other.

"I am glad I met you, Miss Evelyn; I have been very busy at the mine lately, which is turning out grandly. It gave me such pleasure to find it so, when I felt that, at some time or other, it would all be yours; but now—"

He stopped and hesitated, for he read in the child's wondering eyes that she understood nothing of what he meant; that either she had never given a thought to the fact that she was her uncle's heir (that is, to what he had of his own to leave her; the estate, except the machine, a comparatively recent purchase, being entailed,) or else that she was unconscious of the change that was impending at Dewbank Hall.

"But now I was going to say, miss," stammered George, "since Mrs. Murphy has a son, there is no knowing who will have the property. Well, I have been so busy of late that I could not find any time to come up to the Hall to give you this, but have carried it about in my jacket, hoping to find some opportunity such as the present. There's nothing valuable about it, Miss Evelyn; but that I knew was of no consequence in your eyes—it's the *will* as you would look to: a mere packet of pencils for your own drawing; but the lead is out of your uncle's mine—I asked the manager for it myself, for they are getting awful particular about the wad, just as though it was gold—and it's as good as any as is found in Borrowdale, whatever the Keswick folk may say."

"Oh, thank you, George: this is most kind."—It took a very little favor to tinge Evy's delicate cheek, and soften her blue eyes.—"And you have even taken the trouble to cut them for me, which is a greater benefit than you may guess, perhaps, for I am *so* clumsy!"

"Well, Miss Evelyn, I shouldn't have thought *that*, I'm sure. But the truth is, they're cut with Master Charlie's knife, as he gave to me the day before he went away, for ever, and I thought you'd like them all the better so.—Don't ye cry, miss—don't ye cry. I know how dearly he loved you, and how he used to call you his little wife! But he might have done worse than die—he might have forgot you!"

"Never, never!" returned Evelyn sadly, shaking her shining curls. "Charlie would never have done that; you didn't know him, George, as I did."

It was strange to see those two, the one a grown-up toiler with his hands, the other a well-nurtured child, so different in all external circumstances, yet so near allied in what was deepest at their hearts; they had lost the being worshipped most on earth—the one by Death, the other by Change.

The child laid her small hand upon the man's rough sleeve.

"I know what you are thinking of, George. It was about *her* that I came here to meet you. I saw Mary"—it was on the tip of her tongue to add, as usual, "Ripson;" but with delicate intuition, she forbore to do so—"yesterday morning at the Nook."

"How was she, Miss Evelyn? How was she looking? They say there is cause for her not being—"

"She is not well," returned the child as the other paused. Matters of a delicate nature were treated without much reserve in Sandalthwaite society; and the reticence he felt to be necessary in the present case was somewhat embarrassing. "She is looking very ill. I think, if you have not seen her lately, you would scarcely know her, George."

"I should know her, Miss Evelyn, half a century hence, though I had never seen her between this and then. I should know her, though her glossy hair had turned from black to white, and her bright eyes were dim, or closed by death itself. I shall know her when she stands among the Heavenly Host, as though she were the only creature with her sins forgiven who stood beside God's throne." He stood with both hands upon the rail of the slender bridge, and his eyes looking into the blue vault above him, as though she were already where he pictured her.

"Dear George, she gave me a message for you; it isn't much to say; but if you had seen the look with which she gave it—so sorrowful, so pitiful, so kind—"

"Don't, don't, Miss Evy," returned the other appealingly; "I can't bear it. Only tell me what she said."

"She asked me how you looked, George—just as you asked me about her just now—whether you were well and happy."

"Happy!" cried the young man with bitterness. "Great Heaven! did she ask you that about me?"

"Don't be hard upon her, George. I used to be that myself, knowing how she has behaved to you. I never gave her so much as a kind look till yesterday. But, oh George, I am sure her husband is not—"

"Be quiet, child!"—Sharp and sudden as the cut of a knife, George spoke.—"Never speak of that man to me." Then changing his tone to one of tender kindness, he added: "Forgive me, Miss Evy; I have frightened you, I fear."

"You have, a little, George," replied the child, in firm, grave tones—"though not at all on my own account. I am sure you would never hurt *me*."

"I hope not indeed, Miss Evy. I would die for you—that is," added he sadly, "if death were a thing to be dreaded. Forgive me my passionate words.—What did you tell Mary about me?"

"I told the truth, George. And if you had seen her face when I said: 'No, he is not happy,' you would have pitied her as I did. 'Alas, alas!' she answered, 'it is hard that God should punish us both for the fault of one.' He has made her suffer much, George—a righteous punishment, of course—but you would almost forgive her, if you could but see her."

"I do forgive her," answered the young man huskily. "I pray God forgive her. Poor girl, poor girl! You have something more to say, Miss Evy?"

"No, nothing more," hesitated the child "or at least nothing more that I was told to say. It may be wrong to mention what I had in my mind to tell you."

"Nothing that you can have in *your* mind can be wrong to speak, Miss Evy," returned the young man, simply. "When I listen to you, I seem to hear an angel talking."

"Hush, George, hush; that is a very foolish thought. I am very wicked at times—wickeder than you can possibly imagine."

George smiled.

"Well, when you are at your worst, your very wickedest, Miss Evy, I should like to change places with you, and so remain for the rest of my life. Then I should have angel's wings growing upon me in time, as I am sure you must have. At present, there is not a feather. Now, what was this that you have doubts about saying to me? I dare be sworn it is as good as most hymns."

"Well, George, I have told you how set I have always been against Mary, upon your account: now, yesterday, for the first time, I felt quite different towards her. I have no proof to give, not even her assertion; she has never tried to defend herself in any way; but something in her face and tone made me feel certain—and I feel as certain now—that there has been some sad mistake between you."

George shook his head.

"Of course, the mischief has been done, I know," she continued. "But still, if I could convince you, as clearly as I feel convinced myself, that Mary is not so much to blame as you imagine—that she is not so false as you have deemed her—would it not be a comfort, even though you have lost her, George? Mind, I am *sure* of what I say, quite sure. Don't, don't cry. I can't bear to see a man cry, George; the only time that I ever saw Charlie cry, it was when he was going away, and the very last time—"

"Hush, hush, Miss Evy! What a selfish brute I am to behave in this way? I am weak as any child—weak as yourself, where my poor lost Mary—for she is mine still in my prayers—is concerned. But there; it's over now. Yes, dear Miss Evelyn, it would be a great comfort, an unspeakable comfort, one way, although the bitterest thought I could have in another, if I could persuade myself, like you, that there has been some—some dreadful misunderstanding, and that Mary never meant— But then, how can that be, when I sent her so many, many letters, wrote her my whole heart, Miss Evy, so that she should read every beat of it—and she never answered *one!*"

"That is beyond me to explain, George. But you know sometimes quite a foolish person—such as a child like me—comes upon something true, which has escaped wiser heads. There are some words about that even in the Bible. And not only am I sure that Mary has not behaved altogether so ill as you may think, but, in some way or other, I see that she believes that it is you who have been to blame—not that she is angry with you; she is far indeed from that. But although, as I have heard, she never speaks upon the matter to any one, and did not speak upon it to me, yet, when she said, 'the fault of *one*,' I am positive, by her manner, that she was not thinking of herself."

George Adams stood leaning upon the bridge-rail in deep thought, which the child did not attempt to interrupt, but after a while he answered:

"It may be as you say, Miss Evy, although I do not see how it *can* be. Heaven only knows. But if it be so—if Mary thinks I am anyway to blame, I do not wish her undeceived. With me, it is very different; the memory of my love is all that is left to me. I wish to think the very best of her, as though she were dead—just as you can think of Master Charlie. But she—who has already had so much to suffer, you say—would find her burden all the heavier, if—not knowing it now—she was to learn that it need never have been borne. And besides, she has a—a husband. It may be difficult enough for her, poor soul! to pay him reverence, to do her duty as his wife: I would not, if I could, make her task harder. Tell her, Miss Evy, if she speaks of me again, that I am well, and—and—well to do. 'Tis the best thing I can say with truth to please her. Tell her that."

So, with a long, kind hand-shake, George parted from his little friend, and trod with heavy step the narrow wooden bridge, and slowly wound the zig-zag of the hill, and at the summit turned to wave his hand to Evelyn, left in tears.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EXPECTED STRANGER.

It is a wet evening, and dinner has long been over at Dewbank Hall; the dessert-plates and wine glasses for three show that that number of persons had partaken of the meal in question. Mrs. Woodford has ceased for some time to leave her room, except for a few hours at mid-day; there must therefore have been a guest at table, although

the Black Squire is now sitting all alone. It would not require much sagacity, to one acquainted with the family, to surmise correctly who that guest is. It is Dr. Warton, who, having done ample justice to his host's viands, has intermitted his attentions to the wine, and gone up-stairs to look after his patient. He has been away some time, and Mr. Woodford is getting impatient either for companionship or news, for he mutters to himself, as is the way with the self-willed when made to wait, and frowns and bites his lips, as though there was something amiss in the universal fitness; but upon hearing a heavy step upon the stair, his features grew more composed, although still stern, as though the mistake in the Cosmogony was forgiven, but only upon the understanding that it did not occur again.

"Well, doctor, what is the bulletin? Are you to take a bed here to-night, or not? I hope so indeed. That infernal old woman not having come from Keswick, makes me very nervous. If five thousand a year passes into that painter fellow's hands through any want of help—through her confounded dilatoriness—I'll strangle her. I hate putting things off to the last moment in this way."

"Don't worry yourself, my good friend," returned the other, with professional coolness. "It is certainly very remiss in Mrs. Roberts; I have never known her play me such a trick before. There is not the least cause for apprehension, however, though I'll take a bed in the house to-night, if that will relieve your anxiety. You papas-expectant are always *such* fidgets—that is, upon the first occasion—you become very philosophic about it in time; and I *have* known one or two become so hardened at last as to forecast the coming event, and manage to have a business engagement during the interesting—"

"You told me all that, doctor, the very last time I spoke you upon the subject," interrupted Mr. Woodford dryly. "It is curious to see how a profession can cramp and stultify even an intelligent man. You can't get out of talking your technical slip-slop, even when you are speaking to me, whose case you well know to be quite different from that of other husbands. I suppose, however, that nothing but Commerce is free from such conventional purelities."

"We can't be all merchant-princes, Mr. Woodford."

"That is very true," assented the host, settling his shirt-collar with the air of having settled the question.—"Now, take a clean glass, and tackle this fresh bottle of claret."

"No, Mr. Woodford—no, I thank you. It is not that I am afraid of your good liquor—although it is of course expedient to keep my head clear upon the brink of such an important matter as that we have in hand—but the fact is, I have promised to look in at Ander Nook before night. Mrs. Miles Ripson increased the population of Sandalthwaite this morning by a little girl—"

"Ay, so I heard," broke in the other with irritation. "But it's going on well enough, is it not? Why should you leave us all alone here? I don't like it."

"My dear sir, I can be with you in twenty minutes, if there is need to send; and any way, I shall not be gone an hour at farthest. The fact is, the child is very weak—very far from going on well; and I must keep my promise to the mother."

"Umph!" growled the Black Squire. "It seems a very strange thing that a case where there is next to no landed property—nay, worse, when it's a girl, and it can't matter—is to take precedence of one where— But there, if you must, you must—only be back as soon as you can.—How fast it rains, and how infernally dark it is getting! If it wasn't for that—I mean the darkness (not the wet, confound him), I'd send that lazy fellow William over to Keswick, late as it is: but he shall take the gig at daylight. That woman shall be in the house to-morrow, or my name is not Ernest.—Now, mind, you don't be long."

Mr. Woodford once more seated himself at table, but after gulping a glass or two of wine as though it had been medicine, and enjoying it not much more, he took to walking impatiently up and down the room. Presently, there were muffled sounds above stairs, swift and stealthy footsteps, and whisperings. He hastily opened the door, and met one of the female servants face to face—an elderly person, as they all were, for Miss Selina, who didn't like young women, had chosen the household staff.

"Oh, please, sir," said she anxiously, "I think it would be better to send for Dr. Warton."

"Let William go to Ander Nook at once," replied her master calmly: "he will find the doctor there."

"Shall he ride, sir?"

"No; *run*. He will go more quickly that way in a night so dark as this."

Again Mr. Woodford resumed his monotonous walk, more impatiently than ever, more like a wild animal in its cage, indeed, than a man, except that he did not run halfway up the dining-room wall, as an hyena would have done at the end of his promenade; but ever and anon he stopped to listen, and clenching his hand, would consign Mrs. Roberts of Keswick to a climate even warmer than that which had deprived him of his liver. Half-an-hour—it seemed a whole night long—had passed in this way, when, with a muttered curse, he left the room, and began putting on his mackintosh, that hung up in the hall.

"O uncle," said a gentle voice, "where are you going to?"

"To Ander Nook, child, to fetch the doctor," replied he roughly: "your aunt is very ill."

"Yes, uncle, I know, and I am so sorry; but Dr. Warton is with her now. I saw him go up-stairs myself not five minutes ago."

"Dr. Warton *here*!" cried Mr. Woodford; "why, I have been listening for this hour for him. I never heard the bell ring."

"He came in at the back-door, uncle, in order to save time, I suppose. I would have come and told you, only, I—I—I thought you mightn't like it."

"Is that infernal woman from Keswick come?"

Evy shook her head. "I know nothing about that, Uncle Ernest. Only there *was* a woman came with Dr. Warton: she was very much muffled up, but I think it was old Mrs. Ripson who keeps the post-office."

"That's well, Evy," said her uncle, chucking the child under the chin. "You have more sense than all the women in this house put together, and the only one who ever tells me any good news. You are very cold, child."

"Am I, uncle? I think I am a little frightened. Everything seems so strange: there is nobody in the kitchen, and Martha said I am not, on any account, to go up-stairs."

"Go into the dining-room, Evy; it's warm there."

Mr. Woodford himself sought his study, and wrote a few words on a piece of paper which he folded carefully up; then he went to the foot of the stairs, and called "Martha, Martha!"

"Yes, sir," replied a voice so immediately, that it was evident it came from the landing outside Mrs. Woodford's room, where, indeed, more than one of the female domestics were keeping her company.

"Give this note to Dr. Warton, at once—immediately."

"The door is locked, sir; nobody is to go in. Mrs. Ripson is there, sir, with the doctor."

"Knock at the door, and push the letter under," replied her master, imperiously: "say it is for for Dr. Warton."

"Yes, sir;" and the woman did as she was bid.

Mr. Woodford returned to his study—a cold and cheerless place, where there was a solitary candle burning, but he felt he could not go where any one could observe him; the presence of a child even was not to be borne. This is the feeling with most of us in times of great anxiety and suspense; when the blow has fallen, companionship, sympathy, are welcome; but while it is suspended over us, we crave to be alone. The Black Squire sat with his head buried in his hands at the same table on which he had written that last cruel letter to his nephew, and where he had read the news of the boy's death. His remorse upon the former account, although poignant at the time, was already much blunted, and even his regret upon the latter was now perhaps about to be done away with. Upon the other hand, if his wife should present him with a daughter, and not a son, the gift would be, in his eyes, worse than valueless. Mr. Woodford did not care for children for their own sake: Evy understood him, pleased him—he liked her, upon the whole, better than any other human being—but he did not want another girl in the house; besides which, it was very unlikely that any other would prove as tractable. Let us trust that Mr. Woodford's hopes and fears were different from those which agitate most husbands upon similar occasions. His heart was not heavy with the thought of the pain and peril of the companion of his happiest hours, the solacer of his griefs, the sympathiser with his plans and projects. *He* did not see before him a vision of his future life, like a dark vista, through which one walks on and on *alone*, forever, and which cannot be shut out from the gaze. His anxiety was considerable, but not so absorbing but that it admitted of calculation, of *his* forming schemes in case of various contingencies.

If a Boy was born, all would be well, and the brightest bit of color in the radiant picture which that circumstance suggested to him was the communication of the event by letter to Mrs. Murphy, in return for that triumphant epistle which she had penned to him not two years ago.

If a girl was born, this exquisite piece of retribution would have to be postponed indefinitely; although, at the same time, Selina would be seriously disquieted, for what had happened once might happen again, and with a change of sex. There was really no excuse now—whatever there might have been during the period of their separation—for his wishing that his wife was—well, not dead; nobody but a downright ruffian ever ventures to say to himself so much as that—let us say, in Heaven. There was no reason, I say, *now* for his desiring her removal from this wicked and troublesome world; but still, if things up-stairs were not going on as they ought to do; if "anything was to happen" to Mrs. Woodford (for that was the delicate phrase in which his mind suggested the calamity,) why, then, he was a free man, and might "contract a new alliance."

Mr. Woodford reviewed these various possibilities very methodically, and looked them each steadily in the face as he sat at his desk; but while he was engaged upon the very last of them, picturing himself in the matrimonial market for the second time, with a placard with £100,000 upon it, hung round his neck, and half the young ladies in Great Britain eager to hang there (one at a time) also, he suddenly sprang to his feet, with his face quite white, and listened. Yes; he was right. He had heard an infant's wail; again and again it broke forth; not a smothered cry, by any means, but a healthy protest against some ill which baby-flesh is heir to, and almost loud enough to suggest a misdirected pin.

Then once more silence; and then the doctor's voice at Mrs. Woodford's door giving orders to some domestic. The woman actually brushed with her petticoats the study threshold on her way to the kitchen, and yet Mr. Woodford did not dare step out and ask her: "Is it boy or girl?" although he well knew she possessed that priceless knowledge. Bad as is suspense, still worse, for the moment, is the news of disaster, just as the dentist's wrench is worse, while it lasts, than the long agony of toothache. A quarter of an hour more of dread uncertainty, and then the doctor's voice again, its deep notes, though hushed, contrasting strongly with the whispered gossip of the servant-maids. "Your mistress is not to be disturbed; let no one enter the room on any account. Mrs. Ripson will ring for what she wants. Where is your master?" Then the heavy step descending the stairs, and the firm fingers upon the handle of the door, and the large face with a cheerful smile upon it, which told his errand before his lips could speak.

"It is a Boy, Mr. Woodford. Mother and child are both nicely. I wish you joy of your son and heir."

"Thank you, Warton—thank you." Perhaps Mr. Woodford did not wish to let the doctor see how deeply he was moved, not to tears indeed, but to triumph—for he turned away even while he took the other's proffered hand, and began to write in his chequebook. "Here is something better than thanks," said he, ungraciously, "here is your hundred guineas, although, upon my life, I think I ought to make it pounds, on account of that woman Roberts, about whose coming you were so sure."

"You owe something, I can tell you, to the woman who *did* come," replied the doctor gravely. "Mrs. Ripson's own poor little granddaughter, born but yesterday, is lying dead at Ander Nook; but hearing Mrs. Woodford had no nurse, the old woman came hither, saying, that now she could be of no more service at the farm, she would help us in our strait."

"What! do babies die so suddenly as that?" cried Mr. Woodford, selfishly. "Dear me, dear me. What shall I give the woman?"

"Listen!" said the doctor, smiling, as another sturdy cry broke forth from the new arrival—

"For though to the ear that's nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it is really the roar
Of a fifty-thousand pounder;
If Selina's son could know what she's done,
It would make him cry 'confound her.'

You must give the old lady a ten-pound note."

"I suppose I must," returned Mr. Woodford, reluctantly. "What an expensive luxury a boy is!"

"It will cost somebody else more than it will you, however," observed the doctor, chuckling. "And now I daresay you would like to see your wife."

"Thank you," said Mr. Woodford, dryly—"she's pretty well, isn't she? Besides, I am not one of your sentimental folks, to run the risk of making a person ill, or 'throwing her back,' as you call it, just for the sake of relieving one's feelings. I can always put a check on *them*. But I think I should rather like to see the—the boy."

Dr. Warton started; so strange to him such a desire seemed in such a man, but preceded, without remark, his host up-stairs. He knocked softly at the door of a dressing-room that communicated with Mrs. Woodford's chamber, and from which the cries of the infant were still proceeding.

"Come in at once—don't let there be a draft for a moment, Mr. Woodford."

The two men entered the room. A shapeless little creature, very purple at the extremities, was being slowly swathed in fine linen upon the lap of old Mrs. Ripson.

"Don't rise," said the master of the house.

"Lor bless ye, I worn't a-going to do it," said the old lady. "I know my duty too well. It's a fine child, sir—and the very picture of its father. Its little head's as black as your hat already, you see." And certainly the son and heir of the Black Squire was a very dark child indeed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Tiger's Leap.

The English ship Cremona was on the eve of leaving Calcutta on her homeward-bound passage. The starboard anchor hung at the cat-head, and the other was already a-peak—the sails hung in graceful festoons from the clewlines and buntlines, the studding-sail gear was all rigged, the topsail halyards were cleared ready for running, and all that the good ship waited for was the presence of Mr. Bowditch, the owner, who was going home in her.

At length Mr. Bowditch came, accompanied by his daughter Mary, a girl of some thirteen years of age, and two Malay servants. Most of his luggage had been on board for several days; but on the present occasion he brought off a huge box, which he desired to have very carefully taken over the side; after all was safe and snug, and the old ship fairly under headway, the men learned that the great box contained no more nor less than a large Bengal tiger.

At any time the immediate neighborhood of the royal tiger wears an atmosphere anything but pleasant, but when the neighborhood is bounded by the narrow confines of shipboard, it is reasonable to suppose that some anxiety at least may be exercised on the occasion. Some of the sailors on board the Cremona were rather inclined to superstition—not more so, perhaps, than the common run of sailors—and under the peculiar circumstances of the present case they found plenty of food for superstitious dread; but then the thing was done, and it couldn't be undone—the tiger was on board, and they concluded that they must make the best of it.

One man in particular, by the name of White, experienced the utmost dread of the forest tyrant, and no assurances on the part of those who felt perfectly secure could set his mind at ease.

The cage was in the hold, directly beneath the main hatchway; and ever and anon, as the deep savage growl of the royal Bengal tiger came up like the rumbling of an earthquake from the bowels of the ship, White would start back from his occupation, whatever it might be, and tremblingly stand, like one thunderstruck, till the noise had ceased.

Not many weeks before, White had been one of a party who went up the Hoogly as far as Burdwan after a boat-load of ivory; and on their return, as they were stopping at a spring which bubbles up on the edge of a large jungle just above Chinsura, the party were startled by the cry, "The tiger! the tiger!" which came from one of the native guides.

The water buckets were dropped, and all hands rushed for the boat; but just as White placed his right foot over the bows, a piercing shriek sounded in his ear; and on turning he beheld, just beyond the spring, and on the edge of the thick jungle, his only brother, a youth not more than sixteen years of age, within the fatal grasp of the tiger.

The ill-fated boy gave one more cry, and then the sharp fangs of the brute monarch closed upon his throat, and the purple life-tide went forth from a heart that soon ceased beating.

The horror-stricken White gained the ship, but it was in a state of mind which for some time totally unfitted him for work; and he was just getting over his peculiar debility when his nerves were again set in quick vibration by the presence of the animal which Mr. Bowditch had brought on board.

"This is *the ship of death!*" said White, as Captain Langdon tried to assure him that there could possibly be no danger; "the spirit of death is on board the Cremona, and woe be to him who feels its cold gripe."

"I thought you had got over your fright," said Captain Langdon in return, as White let go of the wheel with the right hand and drew the sleeve of his jacket across his eyes.

"Fright, sir!" answered the hardy sailor, as he raised his eyes from the compass and regarded his commander with a mournful look; "was it a fright, sir, to have an only brother sacrificed to the tiger-demon? to have left that boy's bones to whiten beneath the heathen sun of Bengal? Oh, sir, I saw that boy's face as it seemed turned with mute supplication up towards the spotted Satan, and I heard his agonizing cry for mercy as the fiery balls of the monster gleamed upon him; and—oh, heaven!—I saw that monster's long, white fangs, as they settled into the tender flesh of my brother's neck, and I know that he was slaking his fiendish thirst from the fountain of a life that was worth more to me than all the world beside. Call it not a fright, sir—think me not foolish that I weep thus for my brother. The fiend is with us now! The tiger-demon is upon our deck, and I know that there shall be one death the more now that he has come."

As White ceased speaking, the low growl of the tiger came rumbling up from the hold, and for a season the poor man could muster scarcely strength enough to steady the ship's helm.

Captain Langdon walked thoughtfully forward, and even he could not help wishing that Mr. Bowditch had chosen some other mode of conveyance for the tiger. Had it been a young animal, the case would have been different; but the tiger was full grown, of powerful build, and withal not over a month from his native jungle, where he was captured by a large party of hunters, of which Mr. Bowditch was a member; and partly as a trophy of his own prowess, and partly as a subject of curiosity, he had determined to take it home with him.

The ship pursued her course for some weeks with nothing to break the usual quiet of a pleasant sea voyage; and even till after she had doubled Good Hope everything went on well, if we may except the slight uneasiness occasioned by the frequent bowlings of the dreaded occupant of the hold; and even that caused no real alarm, save in the breast of Harry White.

It was a pleasant afternoon, after the ship had entered the trade winds; the sheets and tacks and the braces remained just as they had been belayed forty-eight hours before, and the sky was as clear and cloudless as an infant's heart. The captain and the owner stood just abaft the wheel, Harry White had the helm, and most of the men were hanging about the deck, while little Mary Bowditch, as blithe and happy as an uncaged lark, was sporting among the coils of rigging that hung from the fife-rail. For several hours the tiger had been unusually restive, and at the present moment was sending forth the most dismal howlings, which at length rose to such a pitch that little Mary started away from her usual playing-ground and crept up to the side of her father.

"Come here, Kouli," said Mr. Bowditch, addressing *one of his Malay servants, who stood near the starboard gangway*; "what is the matter with the tiger?"

Kouli answered, unhesitatingly,

"He wants the light and fresh air, sir."

"Then let him have it," said Mr. Bowditch. And turning to the captain, he continued—"Will you have your men hoist the cage on deck?"

Captain Langdon gave consent to this request; and in a few moments a burton was rigged to the mainstay and hooked into the stout lashings of the cage, when the men seized the rope and easily swayed the large grated box upon the deck.

The cage was composed of stout teak-wood, strongly bolted and barred, the front being entirely open, save the iron rods that ran perpendicularly from the top to the bottom; and as it was deposited in the gangway, it fronted towards the bulwarks, so that the men might pass by the opposite side of the deck without disturbing the inmate.

For some time the tiger seemed much pleased with the change of his situation, which he manifested by the peculiar manner in which he sniffed up the fresh air and lashed about his tail; but in the course of about fifteen minutes his lashing ceased, and soon afterwards all within the cage became as quiet as the grave. Whenever a long continued silence is suddenly broken by some unexpected tearing, rushing noise, the heart naturally beats quicker and stronger, and the nerves are strung by unwonted excitement; but when a continuous roar, which has for days carried terror upon its very sound, suddenly ceases, and lowers a solemn stillness in the atmosphere, then it is that the heart experiences its most fearful change; for while one is exciting and nerving in its very nature, the other is enervating and oppressive.

Thus it was on board the Cremona. In the strange silence which followed the ceasing of the monster's movements, there was something at once startling and oppressive, and more than one brave heart sank a degree lower. A fearful suspicion had taken possession of the men as they had seen the cage hoisted on deck; the perpendicular bars did not seem to be strong enough! They had not seen them before, for when the cage was hoisted on board it was entirely closed up; but though each held the suspicion, yet no one dared to give the thought utterance. Harry White's heart sank for a moment; but he instinctively loosened the heavy sheath-knife by his side, and then seized the wheel with a firmer grasp.

For three minutes this silence lasted. Not a word had been spoken, only the men looked at each other with ominous shakes of the head, and then seemed to think of defence. At the end of three minutes a sound was heard from the cage as though its occupant was drawing a long, half-stifled breath, and in a moment more it was followed by a slight rubbing against the back of the wood-work and a gentle gathering of the feet.

For the first time the Malay started back and trembled; and then, in the sharp, quick cry of the jungle hunter, he exclaimed,

"The tiger! the tiger!"

But Kouli Thasan spoke too late; for, simultaneous with his own cry, there sounded a low howl from the cage—a deep scratch of the firm-set claws, a crashing of the iron bars, one against the other—and the royal Bengal tiger stood unbound upon the deck!

With one leap he had passed between the bars of the cage and cleared a distance of several yards. For some time—it seemed an age of chaos to those who watched him—the tiger lay crouched where he had first alighted; and while he lashed his side with his tail, he rolled his eyes round upon the crew. At length they seemed to fasten upon a single object, and as he lowered his huge head almost to the deck, he gathered himself for a spring.

The little Mary, as she tremblingly nestled to her father's side, was the object upon which the tiger had set his fatal eyes; and with a slight stifled cry of anguish Mr. Bowditch gathered her to his bosom and clasped his arms tightly around her. But the terrible animal seemed to take no notice of the movement, other than to raise his eyes to the elevated position of the child and draw his legs for a firmer leap.

Captain Langdon thought of the guns, but through what certainly appeared to be gross carelessness, there was not one of them loaded. A thousand thoughts may have flashed across the minds of the men, but for the moment they stood in a body, like so many statues; and ere the captain could give an order, or the man had presence of mind to secure the means of defence, all eyes were turned from the crouching tiger to the person of Harry White.

He had lashed the helm, and drawn his long sharp knife from his sheath. A piece of tarpaulin was wound round his left arm, and with a face as white as marble he strode out upon the quarter-deck.

For an instant he stood still. Not a muscle moved in his whole system, but the fire which flashed from his eyes was as bright and sparkling as that which shone in the orbs of the beast before him.

"Back, Harry, back!" shouted Captain Langdon. "Here come loaded muskets. Stand back and let the men fire."

"Keep your bullets till you need them," returned White, without moving his eyes from the tiger; "I—*I* must do my duty first! There is blood upon the demon that calls to me for vengeance. See—see those hell-sent fangs that drank my brother's life away—how they glisten and shine! Brother, brother, now you shall be avenged!"

As he spoke, in accents of almost maniac madness, his body swayed to and fro for an instant; and then, just as the tiger strained his nerves for the fatal leap, he raised his knife high in the air and rushed madly forward.

The gleaming eyes of the beast caught the approaching form; and with a low, premonitory growl, the muscles relaxed their strained tension, and the tiger raised himself upon his haunches.

The white fangs glistened horribly within the blood-like lips, and the raised paw revealed the fearful armament of sharp-hooked claws. All hands on board would have risked much to save the maddened man, but he was too quick for them, and every heart ceased its beating as they saw the avenger start forward.

The rays of the setting sun gleamed an instant on the uplifted blade, and on the next it was buried in the side of the monster; but ere it was drawn forth, those long fangs had settled upon the canvas covering of the left arm, and upon the instant a sharp grating was heard, as the bone crushed and splintered beneath the meeting jaws. Again and again descended the knife, and as each stroke opened some new passage for the monster's blood, that huge paw found its hold in the quivering flesh of Harry White.

The men rushed forward, and would fain have rescued their shipmate from his self-sacrifice; but ere they came, the two combatants had rolled over together upon the gore-stained deck.

In one dark stream mingled the blood of the tiger and the man. Harry White had struck his last blow, and the knife was buried to its haft in the heart of the beast, from whence he who struck it thither had not the power to draw it forth.

"You may touch them, if you please," said Kouli Thasan, as he regarded the fearful scene; "but all the power on earth cannot loose the death-gripe of the tiger. His claws are set like iron into the sides of his victim, and till his eyes close his muscles will not relax."

But the spectators had not long to wait; for scarcely had the Malay ceased speaking when the royal brute gave one fierce struggle, and then the giant paws laid powerless upon the body of the devoted sailor—his huge jaws settled back, and his head fell like a leaden weight upon the deck. The royal tiger was dead! Little Mary was safe—the men were safe, and—oh, how every heart beat with joy as the truth was known! Harry White still breathed the breath of life.

There was one death the more from the tiger's presence on board the ship; but 'twas the life of the beast only that went out to fulfill the prophecy, for Harry White still lives. To be sure, he has lost an arm, and the deep marks of the tiger's claws are left to tell the tale of that fearful struggle; but yet he lives, and from the bounty of Mr. Bowditch he enjoys an independence from the wants of this physical world.

Near Windsor, on the beautiful Thames, is a small red cottage, and the owner may be seen on any pleasant evening, with his pipe in his mouth, sitting in his porch, in a large arm chair, which is covered with a huge tiger's skin. That man is Harry White; and if you wish to see his eyes sparkle beneath their heavy lashes, just ask him to tell you about "The Tiger's Leap."

☞ A profane exhibitor of scriptural paintings thus described to a Hoosier audience, "Daniel in the Lion's Den":—"Here is Daniel, who don't care, as you see, a copper for all the lions, and there are the lions, who don't equally care a copper for Daniel!"

☞ At Saccarappa, a place in Maine, near Portland, some French residents have a novel way of conducting their hog-killing operations. They "stick" the animal in the ordinary way, but instead of scalding the bristles off, they place the carcass on skids, and build a blazing fire underneath. By careful turning and watching they scorch the bristles off very neatly and effectually.

☞ There are 414 names on the voting list in Essex, Mass., more than half of which are comprised in four family names; 108 Burnhams, 46 Storys, 41 Andrews, and 21 Lows.

☞ A Jewish proverb says, "Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable."

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1868.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY,							4
1st Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
FEBRUARY,							1
2d Month.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
MARCH,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
3d Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
APRIL,				1	2	3	4
4th Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
MAY,						1	2
5th Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
JUNE,		1	2	3	4	5	6
6th Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
JULY,				1	2	3	4
7th Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
AUGUST,							1
8th Month.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
SEPTEMBER,			1	2	3	4	5
9th Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
OCTOBER,					1	2	3
10th Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
NOVEMBER,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
11th Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
DECEMBER,			1	2	3	4	5
12th Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		

A Ride in the Sewers of Paris.

But a few of the Americans who visit Paris know of the opportunity which may be afforded them to visit the very extensive sewerage of Paris, and examine its system. Receiving cards of invitation, we stationed ourselves near the tower of St. Jacques, at an iron trap-door, and the party were soon called upon to descend. Not knowing of the *modus operandi of getting into these dark regions below*, we *all felt as if we were* going to "take a leap in the dark," but what was our surprise to find elegantly fitted up carriages or cars, lighted by four large globe lamps at each corner. These cars contained twelve persons each, and there were five of them, making sixty persons, which is the limit of the number invited at one time. Of course our ride was limited to the large tunnel or main sewer, which was about twenty feet high and fifteen wide. The cars run on a six-foot gauge track, and are pushed on a down-grade by two men to each car.

The water sewerage or drain is below, and is from six to eight feet deep, so that small boats can be towed all the way, and has down-grade enough to make quite a current. We rode by this train of cars across the Boulevard Sebastopol, to the head of the Rue Rivoli, alongside the palace and Tuileries' gardens to the Place Concord, a distance of more than three miles, where we disembarked into boats, and sailed under the whole length of the Rue Royale, coming out by the side of the Church of the Madeline. All along this main channel are openings of trap-doors, covered with gratings at the head of each cross-street, which are marked by the names of the streets on the side of the tunnel. By this means complete ventilation is secured. On the top of the tunnel are two large iron pipes in which passes through the fresh water supply for the city —one from the aqueducts and artesian wells, the other from the water pumped up from the river Seine.

There are also three lines of telegraph wires inclosed in lead pipes. It is well known that these great sewers are built for a double purpose, and one is for the underground transportation of troops in the time of an insurrection or war. By this means Napoleon can transport, secretly, troops from one part of the city to the other, suddenly appearing from the ground at almost any point. The telegraph would also be serviceable on such occasions. Besides this navigable sewer, which is fitted up especially for pleasure trips, there are smaller sewers running under twenty-five of the principal streets, and the whole length of the sewerage of Paris, large and small, including that under construction, I was informed, is over three hundred miles in length, and by these means the drainage of Paris is effected on a magnificent scale, and far surpasses the subterranean wonders of ancient Rome.—*Paris Correspondence.*

☞ CULTIVATE A GENIAL NATURE.—Really it is disgraceful that men are so ill-taught and unprepared for social life as they are, often turning their best energies, their acquisitions and their special advantages into means of annoyance to those with whom they live. Some day it will be found out that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper and a happy form of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments.

☞ More than five thousand Japanese are said to have destroyed themselves during the past twelve months, and it was not a good year for suicides either.

☞ A Bangor judge refuses to hear divorce cases this term, because the cold weather is likely to bring the parties together again if they are let alone.

From the New York Weekly.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, 31 and 33 Vesey street.—This concern is going ahead with rapid strides, and deservedly so, for they furnish the very best brands of tea that come into this market at prices from fifty to one hundred per cent. below other dealers. The secret of this is that they retail at wholesale prices, and there are no middle men between them and the purchaser. Their profits are small, but their trade is immense—hence their great success.

"TOOK."

He took her fancy when he came.
He took her hand, he took a kiss,
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her happy cheeks at this.

He took to come of afternoons,
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,
He took her master's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

☞ In a speech delivered last week in Connecticut there is about as good an example of mixed metaphor as one often sees. The speaker said that "Connecticut is a star in the east, because when the storm blew the hardest her mariners clung fast to the rudder."

☞ Brown had been in love with a young lady, and asked permission to call her by the name of some animal, which request was granted on condition that she should have the same privilege. On leaving, Brown said, "Good night, 'dear'." "Good night, 'bore'," she said.

☞ About half the people of Iowa who have gone into the grave in 1867, have been killed by threshing machines, kerosene or cane mills.

☞ A book canvasser recently described Dickens as a "feller who has been writing books over there, and has come over here to read them to our folks."

☞ A young man and woman got married in Bethel, Maine, last winter, and the next day the happy couple started on their honeymoon tour into the woods, where he had contracted to cut a large quantity of wood. He built a camp, where she spends her time in promoting the comfort of her husband, and on every Saturday night they make their appearance in the village in order to procure supplies for their next week's work, and return on Monday morning to their camp home as happy as king and queen.

☞ A grateful Iowa undertaker writes to his friend: "If you ever want a coffin, call on me. I shall be only too happy to bury yourself or your family at cost."

☞ A single issue of a Western paper contains two additions to the English language. These are full of accounts of how a party "festivitied" recently, and of the trial of a "culpitress."

☞ Fenianism dates much further back than most people suppose. We would remind our readers that when Herodias's daughter was living there was a head-sentiher.

☞ The Sunrise says that a youth of *Presque Isle village, who has several sisters on the verge of matrimony, says he wishes* "they would hurry up and get hitched, for then he should not have to *sew so much wood.*"

☞ Willis and Hawthorne both wrote for the Token in 1827. Willis at once gained a reputation, but Hawthorne's contributions did not attract the least attention. Now Hawthorne stands in the first rank of our writers, and Willis is far behind him.

☞ New reading (by a fashionable wife) —The man who lays his hand upon a woman, without a large income, is a wretch whom it were gross flattery to call a bankrupt.

☞ A brakeman in Canada was dragged by a train of cars for miles, he holding on by a railing, while his feet kicked over the sleepers in the road. The unfortunate man wore out his boots.

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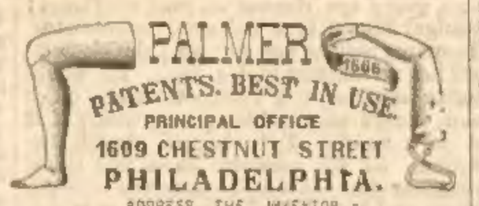

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WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT
NOV. 24th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 25 minutes before the departure of each train.

SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, No. 116 Market Street, or No. 4 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
FAST LINE	12.00	M.
ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.00	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	8.00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	9.00	"
ERIE MAIL	11.15	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
ACCOMMODATION	11.30	"

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Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For this train tickets must be procured, and baggage delivered by 5.00 P.M., at 116 Market Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.25	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
ERIE MAIL	9.25	"
FAST LINE	9.25	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.10	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	1.10	P.M.
ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	7.10	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	9.50	"

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
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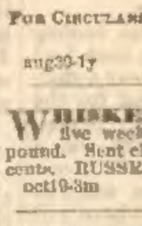

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Troublesome Witness.

During the recent trial before the United States Circuit Court in Hartford, Conn., of the case of the Norwich and New York Transportation Company against the insurance companies for the amount of damage to the steamer City of Norwich by fire, the defendants undertook to prove that the loss was occasioned by the steamer sinking, and not by burning, making it a marine loss, against which the fire companies did not insure. Mr. Tracy, the pilot of the boat, being on the witness stand, was interrogated by Mr. Scudder of New York, the counsel for the defendants, as to his views.

It having appeared from the evidence that Tracy was hanging on the rudder just before the steamer went down, Mr. Scudder inquired of him as follows:

"Mr. Tracy, what do you think the boat was worth at the time you were holding on to the rudder?"

"I really couldn't tell, sir."

"But what do you think, sir?"

"I didn't think anything at all about it."

"Mr. Tracy, what would you have been willing to give for her at that time?"

"Well, I don't know. I was not buying steamboats very much about that time."

"Mr. Tracy, would you have been willing to have given the old coat that you had on at that time for the boat?"

"Well, I don't know but I should. On the whole, I guess I should, for I don't suppose I should have needed an overcoat where I was going."

Mr. Scudder gave it up and called the next witness.

Hints for the Winter.

The following rules are not from Hall's Journal of Health:

As winter approaches, great care should be taken to suitably clothe and protect the body from cold. You owe it to yourselves to do so, no matter how much you owe your tailor.

Dress so as to keep the body of a uniform temperature if possible. If you haven't any uniform, enlist, so as to get one.

Some persons require less clothing than others. For instance, we can get along with less than the man who stole our overcoat—at least we do.

Don't take a bath in a cold room until the room has been warmed. Cold water can be used with impunity, taken hot.

When going into the cold you can guard against colds, sore throats, and inflammation of the lungs, by keeping the mouth and nostrils closed, and breathing through the ears, if they are long enough.

If you get any of your clothing wet or damp, change as soon as possible. If you haven't any change, break a dollar note and get some.

Be exceedingly careful about exposing yourself to a draft of cold. A draught of hot whiskey may lead to equally bad results.

Secure good ventilation in your sleeping apartments. Some of you have to sleep out of doors to get it. Don't be afraid to leave your windows open, unless you have been drinking hard, and feel alarm lest you may jump out.

Mark Twain's Turkish Lunch.

I never want another one. The cooking apparatus was in the little lunch-room near the bazaar, and it was all open to the street. The cook was dirty, and so was the table, and it had no cloth on it. The fellow took a mass of sausage meat and coated it round a wire, and laid it on a charcoal fire to cook. When it was done he laid it aside, and a dog walked sadly in and nipped it. He smelt it first, and probably recognized the remains of a friend. The cook took it away from him and laid it before us. Brown said, "I pass." He plays euchre sometimes; and we all passed in turn. Then the cook baked a broad, flat wheaten cake, greased it well with the sausage, and started to bring it to us. It dropped in the dirt, and he picked it up and polished it on his breeches, and laid it before us. Brown said, "I pass." We all passed and called a new deal. He put some eggs in a frying pan, and stood pensively prying slabs of meat from between his teeth with a fork. Then he used the fork to turn the eggs with, and brought them along. Brown said, "I pass." All followed suit. We did not know what to do, and so we ordered a new ration of sausage. The cook got out his wire, apportioned a proper amount of sausage meat, spit on his hands, and fell to work. This time, with one accord, we all passed out. We paid and left. That is all I learned about Turkish lunches. A Turkish lunch is good, no doubt, but it has its weak points.

Throwing the Lead.

The steamer "Ocean Belle" was coming down the Mississippi River with a deck-load of pig iron. As she was coming near a shallow place, the pilot gave the signal for the man forward to "throw the lead!" It happened that the only man forward was a green Irishman. "Why don't you throw the lead?" "Is it the lead you want to throw, your honor? And faith, where will I be throwing it?" "Overboard, you scoundrel!" Pat took up a pig of lead and threw it overboard; the mate, endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance, and fell into the river. The captain ran forward on the hurricane deck, and asked Pat why he did not throw the lead, and sung out how much water there was. "Och, pon my soul, captain, I throwed the lead, and the mate has gone down to see how much water there is!"

"Beans on the Shtick."—An Irishman, a short time in this country, was eating boiled green corn. After eating off all the corn, he passed the cob back to the lady who sat at the head of the table, saying—

"Would you please be so kind as to put some more beans on the shtick."

☞ Brown the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation. "Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

☞ A horrible pun was that of the fellow who said, in reference to a lady about to marry her eighth husband, that she must be a fasten-eight-in widow.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

Frugal Housewife (has a large family).—"Oh, Mr. Stickings, I see by the daily papers that the price of meat has fallen two cents a pound. I think you ought to make some reduction in your charges!"

Butcher.—"Wery sorry, Mum, but we don't take in no daily papers, Mum!!"

Three Characters.

In one of his recent essays, Bulwer thus cleverly sketches: "Plantagenet Pungent is an exceedingly clever man; he has high birth, a great fortune, a character without a stain. He divests himself of these attributes of command, and enters society as an epigrammatist looking round for a subject. He selects his butt, and lets fly his arrows; the by-standers laugh; but it is not a pleasurable laughter. Each man feels that his turn may come next. Plantagenet Pungent has, no doubt, a social reputation for caustic wit; and for that very reason all his loftier claims to consideration are ignored or grudged; once a week, at least, he provokes some rebuff which is heartily enjoyed by the by-standers, whether they laugh openly or in their sleeves. If without provocation you strike a drayman in a crowd, though you be a prince of the blood-royal, you put yourself on his level; and if the drayman thrash your royal highness, he will be the better man of the two.

"Scaliger Blount is an eminent example of a more solid sort of obnoxious ability. He has prodigious learning and a still more prodigious information, both of which he brings into ruthless activity by the goad of a combative disposition. He takes a cruel joy in setting everybody right. Are you a bashful man, talking in friendly whispers to your next neighbor at some crowded dinner-table? Scaliger Blount is sure to overhear your misdate an event or misquote an authority. Pounce he descends on you across the table, drags your blunder into general notice, corrects it with terrible precision, and flings it back to you where you sit, blushing with shame and rage, every eye riveted on your confusion! Scaliger Blount is a universal contradictor. He spares neither age nor sex; the cloth itself has no sanctity in his eyes. He would rather contradict a bishop than any other man, except an archbishop—especially if it be on a matter of theology or church discipline. As all opinions have two sides, whatever side you take he is sure to take the other; and his pre-eminent delight is in setting you down in your own proper department, what that may be. Are you an artist, and venture a remark upon coloring, beware of Scaliger Blount. He knows all about that man ever wrote on it, and you are sure to hear from him, 'Sir, I disagree.' Are you a lawyer, and, as you think, safely laying down the law to reverential listeners, beware of Scaliger Blount; he has the laws of all times, from Confucius to Lord St. Leonards, at his fingers' ends, and woe to you when you see him knit his brows and exclaim, 'I differ!' But though no one can deny the learning of this *helluo librarum*, the common-sense of the common interest unites all diners-out against conceding respect to it. Instead of saying, 'Learned man,' one says, 'Insufferable savage.' Nobody acknowledges as an authority him who arrogates authority over all. Each prudent host, in making up his cards for a dinner-party, pauses a moment at the name of Scaliger Blount, and shuffles this human cyclopædia out of the pack, muttering the damning monosyllable, 'Bore.'

"But when Urban Franklin is in the social circle, every one recognizes the enchanter. His birth and fortune are but those of a simple gentleman, yet he has an influence denied to dukes. His knowledge is extensive, but with him *literati* are, indeed, *humaniores*. His natural intellect is of the highest, but it is reserved for fitting time and occasion. That which distinguishes him in society is charm, and the secret of that charm is a manly suavity. He has no pretensions to the artificial elegance which Lord Chesterfield commends to his votaries; he has no gallant compliments for the ladies, with whom he is not the less a favorite; he has a cordial laugh, but it is never heard at the expense of others. The frankness of his nature and the warmth of his heart have, on various occasions in life, led him into errors or difficulties which might have exposed him to much truculent attack; but, as he has been ever forbearing to the imprudences of others, so others, by a tacit consent, have been forbearing to his. Malevolence gains no hearing against him. The love that he wins for his gentler qualities begets a reverence for his higher ones. Of all the men I ever knew, none more securely get their own way—none have so kingly an authority over those with whom they live. And I suspect the main reason to be this, that every one's self-love is so secure of a wound from him that it identifies its own protection with its preeminence. And yet I know no man more truthful. Indeed, it is a maxim of his, that "Where there is no candor, there can be no conciliation."

AGRICULTURAL.

Scratches in Horses.

Dr. Trask, of Reading, Mass., who has been a cattle doctor for some twenty years, remarks that most diseases of our stock are brought on by the neglect or violation of the laws of nature.

In the case of the horse afflicted with the scratches, he says, the bowels must be kept loose while fed on dry food, and the body warm and clean. In grooming his limbs, they should always be rubbed down and not up; and he recommends that they should be slightly greased with neatsfoot or skunk's oil, or that obtained from the neck or legs of dead horses. In cleaning off the vile matter from the fetlock, he finds a corn-cob the *best thing he ever used*. He *then* applies, *while warm*, a wash made by *boiling one* hour, wormwood and the bark of whistlewood in urine. After which the foot and leg should be greased, and the animal kept on a spare diet.

As large additions have been made to the readers of the Farmer within a year, and as the papers of others may be lost which contained our own suggestions and those of our correspondents, we will give the substance of what was published upon this subject about a year ago:—

If the disease is in its first stages—that is, has not ulcerated—wash the parts affected perfectly clean with castile soap and warm water; rub dry with the hand or warm flannel. Then, with a soft sponge, bathe freely with brine from the beef or pork barrel, three, or four times in twenty-four hours. Exercise the animal, by walking him about, two or three times in the course of the day. Give but little grain, and that in the form of a mash; but green food when it can be had, such as grass, or roots, and especially carrots.

If the disease has assumed the *ulcerated* form, the hair must be cut off, and the parts cleansed as stated above. It is doubtful whether the brine would be efficacious in this case,—but it would be well to try it. If not, prepare a lotion as follows, and wash three times each day with it, viz.:—

Chloride of zinc, one ounce.

Creosote, four ounces.

Strong solution of white oak bark, four quarts.

There is a tendency to this disease in some horses, so that on the slightest appearance of it, measures should be taken to prevent its progress. The hair about the ankles should remain there, certainly through the winter. "Cutting it away, and thereby exposing the heels to the operation of cold and of wet is no unfrequent cause of grease. In winter, when the legs most require warmth and protection, the heels are deprived of the cover which nature intended should protect them; and parts where the blood flows most tardily are laid bare to the effects of evaporation and frost."

Forests.

Some may ask why forests are necessary? Is not any portion left in forests so much unproductive capital? And does not a wise economy demand that these unproductive forests should be cleared up as soon as the owner can command the means, and the whole country be made productive? These are important questions and should receive answers. If trees are of no service in the economy of nature except to furnish fuel and timber, then any surplus beyond these wants is a useless drawback on the productiveness of any country; "cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

But there are other reasons why forests should be spared, and one is, their control over extreme fluctuations in the rain fall of any region. The researches of modern science; accurate and careful observation, as well as the history of the past, show that a country abounding in forests is more moist, has a more copious and equable rain-fall, abounds more in springs and streams, and as a consequence of all these is more exempt from great and sudden fluctuations in temperature, from late frosts in spring and early frosts in the fall.

Thus Egypt from the earliest period of history has been spoken of as a rainless region; but since Mohamet Ali has made his immense plantations of trees, showers have become frequent. The controlling influence of forests over rain-fall is also shown by the fact that countries once supplied with forests and having abundant rains and immunity from frost, their forests having been destroyed, have been scourged by drought and frost till the forests were restored, when they once more became fruitful; or, if the inhabitants would not restore their protecting forests, the stern hand of famine threatened to wipe out a race that would not reverence the order of nature.

Thus the Cape de Verde Islands, so named from their greenness, have been stripped of their forests by their improvident inhabitants, since which time they suffer terribly from periodical droughts, sometimes no rain falling for three years at a time, and 30,000 inhabitants, or one-third of the population, have perished. Thus famine cuts down the inhabitants as pitilessly as they cut down the protecting trees. It has been proposed to replant the forests, yet little has been done towards restoration, and it is probable that the entire race may be cut off, to be replaced by those who have learned that the "tree of the field is man's life."—*Prof. R. C. Redzie, of the Mich. Agl. College.*

Holding up Milk.—Mr. L. Morton informs the Rural American that when his cows trouble him in this way, he reaches his hand up and places the ends of his fingers on the backbone, forward of the hips, and presses down hard for a minute or so, and they always give their milk very freely.

RECEIPTS.

Roasted Rabbit and Oysters.—Make choice of a nice plump rabbit, take out the heart and lights, and wipe it quite dry. Make a stuffing with two sponge-cakes, twelve oysters bearded and drained, some Cayenne pepper, and 2 oz. of fresh butter; chop these things together, fill your rabbit with them, rub butter upon the outside, cover it with paper, and roast it slowly for an hour, just browning it before taking up. Make a sauce with the liquor and beards of the oysters, the juice of a whole lemon, 2 oz. of fresh butter, a very little flour, some cinnamon and Cayenne pepper; simmer these things for a few minutes, strain it into your dish, and serve the rabbit upon it.

Boiled Rabbits and Celery.—Boil, by themselves, a couple of young rabbits, and at the same time get ready, in another saucepan, two or three heads of fine white celery, cut into pieces of about an inch long, and boil until quite tender in a little salt and water. When you are sure it is sufficiently done, take it out and lay it in a small stewpan, with half a pint of milk or cream and 2 oz. of butter rolled in flour; season plentifully, set it over the fire, and shake it until the butter is thoroughly melted. Place your rabbits in your dish, pour the celery sauce *over them, and garnish with thin slices of ham, tongue, bacon, or sausages, hot, but* boiled or fried, according to convenience.

Light and Cheap Yorkshire Pudding.—Five tablespoonfuls of flour, gradually made into a smooth batter with a pennyworth of new milk, and one egg, well beaten up, and half a teaspoonful of salt; add cold water till you have batter enough for a small pudding-pan; place it in the oven to set, and then put it under your roasting meat, taking care to turn both ends toward the fire. Your pan must be well greased, or the pudding will, perhaps, be broken in slipping it off on to the dish. When you take it up, pour off all the dripping; it can either be eaten with the meat, or with gravy, or salt, or sugar, as preferred. This pudding is not substantial, but it is easy of digestion; and if well managed, very custardy; it will serve four or five persons very well. When eggs are cheap, a second may be added; but it is not necessary.

Tongue, after it has been boiled, cut into thick slices, and stewed in a rich, brown gravy, makes a very nice corner dish.

Sausage Dumplings.—Make one pound of flour and two ounces of dripping, or chopped suet, into a firm paste, by adding just enough water to enable you to knead the whole together. Divide this paste into twelve equal parts, roll each of these out sufficiently large to be able to fold up one of the beef sausages in it, wet the edge of the paste to fasten the sausage securely in it, and, as you finish off each sausage dumpling, drop it gently into a large enough saucepan, containing plenty of *boiling* water, and when the whole are finished, allow them to boil gently by the side of the fire for one hour, and then take up the dumplings with a spoon free from water, on to a dish, and eat them while they are hot.

Skimmer Cake.—Rub 6 oz. of lard into 12 oz. of flour, mix with water into a nice paste, grease a pudding plate, and put the paste on it like a large cake, tie and cloth over and boil: when done, split it open and butter it. To be eaten with any boiled meat.

Corn Starch Pie.—Boil six tablespoonfuls of corn starch in three pints of water; let it cool, then add one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one small cup of vinegar, and three eggs. Flavor with essence of lemon, and bake between two crusts.

Corn Meal Pudding.—Two quarts of sweet milk, one pint of corn meal, one-half pint of beef suet or fat pork, chopped fine, three eggs, and a little nutmeg and salt; sweeten to your taste with sugar. Heat the milk, and, while hot, stir in the meal; after this, set it where it will cool, and then add the eggs. Bake from three to four hours in a slow oven. Try it.

Indian Meal Pudding.—Into one quart of boiling milk stir one quart of sifted fine meal; then add one quart of cold milk, two well-beaten eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of flour, and a little salt and spice; stir it well, and pour it into a buttered dish; bake two hours, and serve with butter. A favorite pudding.

Cookies (fine.)—One bowl of sugar, one-half pound of butter, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, half of a nutmeg. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

Blacking for Boots and Shoes.—The following is a good receipt:—Treacle, one pound; ivory black, one pound and a half; sweet oil, two ounces. Rub these well together, and add a little strong vinegar.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.
My 26, 14, 33, 33, 38, 37, 13, 45, 35, 1, is a disease greatly to be dreaded.
My 40, 7, 4, 42, 10, 31, 9, to obtain which all men struggle.
My 46, 10, 30, 29, is looked for in winter.
My 13, 28, 27, 8, is sure to come in April.
My 44, 2, 3, 43, 5, is a highly prised fruit.
My 11, 16, 6, 31, 14, 11, 41, 17, 19, is dreaded by bachelors.
My 18, 21, 23, 9, 25, 32, is a convenient place to hide.
My 34, 36, 39, 2, 6, is a country in Africa.
My 42, 24, 20, 25, adorns a cloak.
My 15, 10, 46, 33, is always wanted.
My whole is one of the handsome premiums offered for a certain number of subscriptions to the Saturday Evening Post or Lady's Friend. "LARRIE."

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When forth the conquering hero comes,
And crowds assemble near,
Ere upward floats the loud hurrah,
'Tis then my first we hear.
Winding along bright classic vales,
We see my second stray,
Reflecting back the cloudless blue
That smiles upon its way.
My third, an article of use
In the domestic line,
The cook attends with anxious care,
Ere rings the hour to dine.
My fourth in architecture looms,
Is woven in with fate—
Headed the ark across the flood,
And gives a force to hate.
When angry passions headway gain,
And hard words wander free,
In vulgar parlance it is said
That then my fifth we see.
Where bends the lotus o'er the stream,
And sports the crocodile,
My whole is found and makes its home,
By the dark and flowing Nile.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A circular garden is divided into two parts by a circle described with its centre on the circumference of the garden. Required—the radius of the dividing circle when the cutting arc is a maximum.

ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a horse more clever than a fox? Ans.—Because a horse can run when he is in a trap, and a fox can't.

☞ Why is a married man with a family of small children like a sailor at sea? Ans.—Because he is on the look out for squalls.

☞ When will the laundress most likely strike? Ans.—When the iron's hot.

☞ Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Ans.—Time out of mind.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Purified by suffering." REBUS—"What has become of Zig?" (Waterloo, Henry, alligator, Taurus, Halloween, Alps, Socrates, brandy, Euphrates, Charm, Omega, mastodon, ell, Orinoco, fairy, Zanzubar, ivy, Gethsemane.) RIDDLE—Hope. (Ope, pea, hoe, Poe, hop.)

Answer to MATRIMONIAL QUESTION of Sept. 28th—14 apples. J. S. Phebus, G. F. Penn and R. M. Snyder.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Oct. 5th—The first, 70; the second 90; and the third, 120 gallons. W. H. Morrow and W. F. L. Sanders. 1st, 49; 2d, 63; 3d, 84 gallons. W. H. Sands.

Answer to W. F. L. Sanders's PROBLEM, Aug. 17th—He loses 25-78 per cent. W. F. L. Sanders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Oct. 12th—600. W. H. Morrow.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Oct. 19th—The apple is 8, the pear 12, the cherry 6 rods. W. H. Morrow, E. Searson.

Answer to E. Searson's PROBLEM, same date—Top, 9.338x inches; bottom, 18.676x inches. E. Searson and W. F. L. Sanders.

Church Etiquette.

The following is said to be the latest church etiquette: Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, half about face and salute. The pew must then be vacated by such gentlemen as are in it by a flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself and face by the right flank, then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, and the rest walking to his right and rear, the direction of his halt being changed by a right counter march, and forming again into line up and down the aisle, still faced by the right flank. The lady, when the coast is clear, completes her salutes and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by files from the rear and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties not to enter the aisle when this evolution is in progress, until it is completed.

☞ A Frenchman who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. "Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of ear rings and a collar upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

☞ Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep, but by worrying him to death?